VOL. CCX, No. 2741

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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 23, 1952
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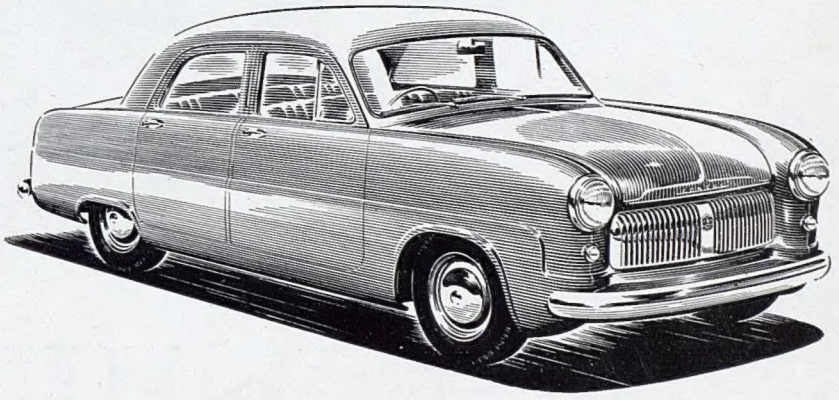

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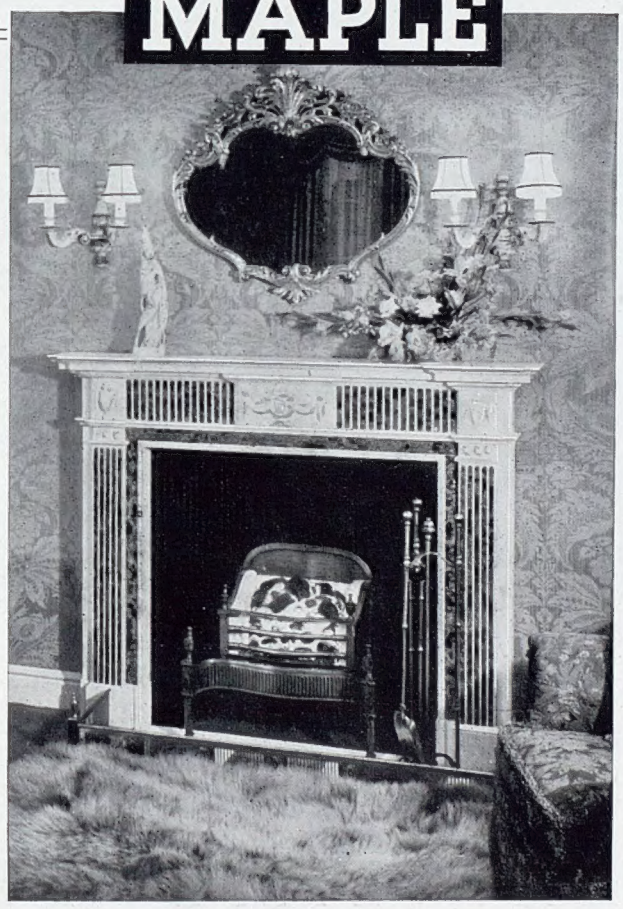

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Volume CCX No. 2741 The SPHERE, London, August 23, 1952

The SPHERE
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE LYNMOUTH FLOOD DISASTER—THIS WAS THE SCENE OF DEVASTATION OUTSIDE THE LYNDALE HOTEL AFTER THE WATERS HAD BEGUN TO SUBSIDE, ALTHOUGH THE TORRENT OF THE WEST LYN STILL RAGED ON ITS NEW COURSE THROUGH THE HALF-WRECKED NORTH DEVON TOWN: All the people had to be evacuated from Lynmouth, 1,000 holiday-makers being sent home. Evacuees are being cared for on the heights of Lynton and at Minehead. A thousand soldiers and civilians in demolition squads have moved into Lynmouth to start clearing the rubble. From all over Britain support has come for the North Devon and West Somerset Relief Appeal.

Lynmouth's population of 2,000, increased by holiday visitors in the busiest month of the year, bore the brunt of the catastrophe last week-end, when the two branches of the River Lyn, swollen by torrential rains in the Exmoor catchment area, raged through the streets, the West Lyn actually changing its course and following the line it had taken 400 years ago. On Monday morning the total death-roll in this disaster was still unknown, but Barnstaple police stated that Lynton police had reported thirty persons missing, presumed dead, and these figures, together with the thirteen people already reported dead, brought the probable death-roll to forty-three. Nine inches of rain fell in one part of Exmoor before the flood, and because many of the streams from Exmoor drain steeply into the Lyn it was little wonder that the river rose spectacularly in a matter of minutes, bringing along with it massive boulders which battered at the foundations of the houses and reduced a great part of Lynmouth to a shambles. The county surveyor told an emergency meeting at Lynmouth last Sunday that it would probably be six months before the damaged roads could be restored, bridges rebuilt and the river in Lynmouth returned to its proper course. (See also pages 258-59 and 260 of this issue.

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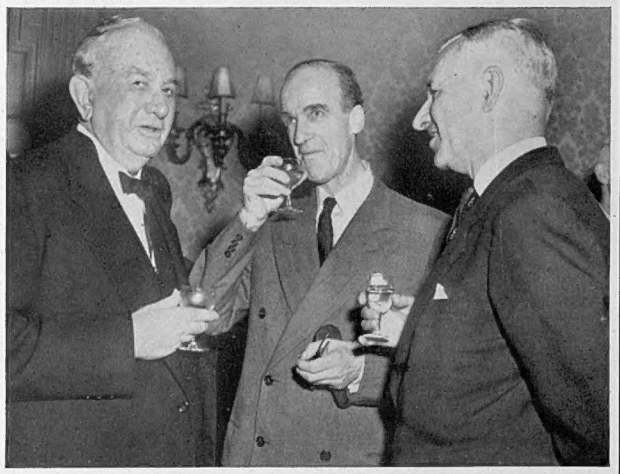
SENATOR TOM CONNALLY IN LONDON

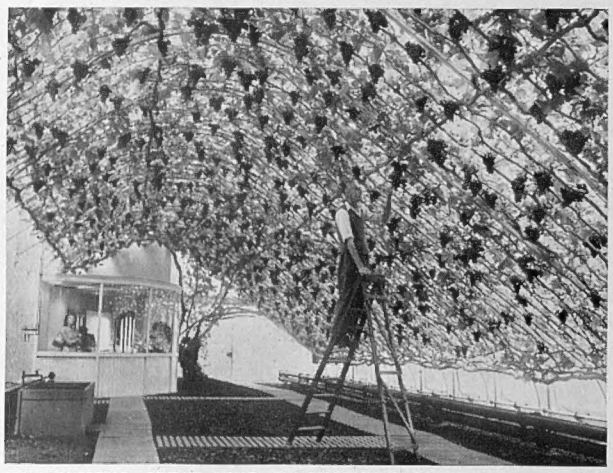


SENATOR ("OLD TAWM") CONNALLY PAYS HIS LAST OFFICIAL VISIT TO BRITAIN: The Senator (extreme left) is seen after a luncheon at Claridges with the American artist, Douglas Chandor (centre), who is in England to paint a portrait of the Queen, and Mr. W. Hamilton Walter, Assistant Chief of the Mutual Security Agency Mission. Senator Connally, the saltiest character in the American Congress, is now seventy-five and has decided to retire. He was a tower of strength during the war years and an indispensable man when President Truman was putting to Congress the Marshall Plan, the military aid programme and other measures.

A "KNIGHT" OF THE BOWLING GREEN

A SOUTHAMPTON BOWLS PLAYER IS "KNIGHTED": Dressed in their ceremonial attire of top-hats and frock-coats, old "knights" look on as Mr. Harry Lowe is installed with the "knighthood" of "Ye Olde Southampton Bowling Green" Club by "Sir" William Day, senior playing "knight." The club is believed to have existed prior to the year 1299 and is the oldest in the world. The Knighthood Tournament has been a yearly event since the year 1776, and is unique in the bowling world. It is supervised by the Knights of the Bowling Green, and the winner of the tourney then becomes a knight himself.

GRAPE HARVEST AT HAMPTON COURT



THE FAMOUS GREAT VINE AT HAMPTON COURT: Mr. G. W. Tizzard, who is seen tending the grapes, has looked after the vine for the last five years. During that time he calculates that some 3,000 lb. of grapes have been sold. They are bought by visitors for 6s. a lb., and it is estimated that 500 bunches will be offered for sale this year. The vine is reputed to have been planted in the year 1769.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

"We Split, We Split."—So cried Gonzalo ("an honest old Counsellor") in *The Tempest,* after hearing "A confused noise within" the ship. I was never quick to believe in deep Party rifts and, if I accept them, I accept them as common to all parties. Opposing political parties, by wishful thinking, hail them hopefully in their rivals' ranks, and splits have been common form among Whigs and Liberals since 1800 and not unknown among Tories. It was in 1836 that Creevey suggested to Melbourne that his party was splitting up and his own downfall imminent. To which Melbourne replied: "By God, it 's a curious thing; two or three people have made the same remark to me. God, perhaps it is so!" Creevey cited it as a curious example of Melbourne's cynicism and carelessness. Melbourne carried on to act his idyll with young Victoria, and Attlee is neither careless nor a cynic. Unlike Melbourne in 1836, he is not in office in 1952, and I am sure he is much more alive to his party's pranks. I doubt if he would reply to such a hint by a modern Creevey, "God, perhaps it is so." He would be quite definite about it, one way or t'other and would answer never a word. But I am sure that the stronger the party leader, the less the risk of indiscipline and "the splits." I expect to find the "insurgents" in brotherly co-operation with their leaders (Attlee and Company) in denouncing the de-nationalisation of road transport.

The West Tries Again.—While the grouse were falling to the guns on the 12th to feed the New York clubs and restaurants on the 13th, U.N.O. was making another effort to limit a larger slaughter. The U.S., Britain and France offered Russia another Big Five Conference to discuss reduction of armed forces and a ban on the atom bomb. The reductions would limit East and West to about 3,000,000 men under arms respectively; and very roughly, since the satellites of Russia and Red China represent imponderable forces certainly far heavier than those of the West's smaller allies. What hopes? The Allies' proposal envisages China as the Big Fifth. But which China? East and West acknowledge different Chinas, or, at least, the West is not unanimous on a definition. Moreover, there is nothing very new in the proposal or encouraging in the hopes of it. Russia has played that ball into the net before now. There is the Becher's Brook of Inspection to be jumped, for instance. And then, again, Russia is never in a hurry. Twice the West has reminded her that five months ago she received from them proposals for an Austrian Peace Treaty, to which proposals she has not at the moment of writing, been graciously pleased to reply. Meanwhile, the East builds up its military power and the West endeavours to reply, not without success.

Art Sales—Bottomless Market?—The statistics of the year's sales at Christie's and Sotheby's of pictures reveal a total of £1,500,000. Constable "heads the list of winning owners," as he did last year, when his 100-guinea plater "Stratford Mill" changed hands at £44,000. This year his little "Salisbury Cathedral" fetched £21,500. Bruegel's little panel, bought for £10 a century ago, fetched £11,000. And so on. Two years ago I myself sold two ugly little wash drawings labelled Panini, but found to be by Hubert Robert, of architectural subjects in Rome for . . . well, for a sum which made me gasp. I ascertained from Christie's that these little drawings had been bought by my grandfather in their rooms in mid-Victorian days for £4, with a crayon drawing of "Hercules Strangling a Lion" by Rembrandt, thrown in for good value. These modern prices invite the question: is there any bottom to the market in works of art at fantastic prices? How long can owners of Old Masters, old China, Lamerie silver, furniture and precious stones be assured of 500 to 1,000 per cent. profit on their ancestors' purchases? It also invites the question: What percentage of irreplaceable works of art leave this country, and which countries are chief buyers? America and South America, no doubt. France, I believe, is well placed in this regard.

"In Black and White."—The United Nations Charter, among other things, guarantees individual liberties. We congratulated ourselves not so long ago on the number of nations which subscribed to the Charter and accordingly guaranteed these liberties. Persia was, and is, among the signatories, and now it seems that the definition of "individual liberties" might have been more exactly clarified before the nations of goodwill threw up their hats. Certainly Persia's notions about this matter are not ours, and we have observed differences between our own interpretation and that of other signatories beside Persia. It is true that during election fevers hot-headed Tory Englishmen will speak of the Budget proposals of Socialists as "sheer highway robbery," but they would never envisage a Socialist Government introducing a Bill in Parliament to confiscate all Mr. Churchill's property (otherwise than by penal taxation applicable alike to Socialist millionaires). And if an assassin had been arrested for murdering one of our ex-premiers, none of us would consider it cricket for a subsequent Government, however opposed to the murdered premier's politics, to release the assassin without trial on the ground that he had done a good job of work. Yet such things happen in Persia and we may fairly assert that this looseness of definitions in the Charter weakens its authority and makes the world's earlier optimism and satisfaction of this "great step forward" appear rather foolish. In all ethical questions there is bound to be a certain amount of "play" in the steering-wheel (as there is in old cars), and meticulously accurate definitions of black and white cannot be expected in a Babel of polyglot nations. But it should be possible to arrive at a common formula covering rough-and-ready but acceptable definitions of dirty-greys and off-whites. The draughtsmen should be called back to try to tighten up the Charter in this respect, late in the day though it is.

STOLEN FROM A LONDON ART DEALER

AMBROSIUS BRUEGEL'S "FLOWERS WITH INSECTS, LIZARDS AND CHERRIES" WHICH WAS STOLEN FROM THE WEST END PREMISES OF M. BERNARD DURING THE AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEK-END: The painting, on copper, 15 by 11½ ins., signed with initials and dated 1647, was reproduced in colour in "The Sphere" Christmas Number in 1949. Mr. Bernard, of 21, Ryder Street, St. James's, is offering a reward of £200 for the return of the painting. Ambrosius Bruegel was born in 1617 and was taught by his father, Jan "Velvet" Bruegel, and by David Teniers, and in 1653 became Director of the Academy at Antwerp.

Stanhope Peerages.—The Stanhopes did themselves pretty well in the matter of peerages in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They were a well-established family near Darlington in the time of Henry III and acquired by marriage manors in Notts in the fourteenth century, sending burgesses to Parliament, representing Newcastle. It was a Sir John Stanhope, who died in 1611, whose male issue began to collect earldoms. The first acquired was Chesterfield, bestowed on Philip, Sir John's son by his first marriage. This Philip had several sons, and one of them, John of Elvaston, had a distinguished younger son, who became first Earl of Harrington. Meanwhile, our original Sir John's son, by a second marriage, Alexander, himself produced a son James, who was created first Earl Stanhope. Thus in a very short period Sir John's descendants held three earldoms, all of which carried on until the other day, when the last Lord Chesterfield died and his earldom was inherited by Lord Stanhope. Lord Stanhope has no son and both earldoms will die out at his death. But Lord Harrington is now heir-presumptive to certain

lesser titles attached to these earldoms. It reads rather like the tontine in *The Wrong Box*. In fact, Sir John's family earldoms have had more than an average run—300 years without a check is pretty good going in the peerage, and 250 years far above average. Chesterfield had twelve earls, the title being created in 1628, Stanhope (1718) has had seven and Harrington (1742) eleven. There are, of course, a few dukedoms and baronies which, a little research will disclose, have lasted far longer.

"Wallowing in the Muck."—I prolong the life of one of Beachcomber's little masterpieces of lyric verse :—

> "Father, what are these hideous beasts,
> That wallow in the muck and grovel ?"
> "Hush, child ! These are the novelists
> Praising some colleague's filthy novel."

This year I have read a lot of such novels, innocently induced to do so by the publisher's blurb and the praise of reviewers and "colleagues." The majority, no doubt, were imported from America, whence "all good things do come"; from America, whose trends and fashions we slavishly follow in order to build a hyphenated New Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. But we learn not only to read but to write filthy novels. It pays at a time when publishing is in the doldrums. But I doubt if it pays as a long-term policy. Very few people can read pornography twice over. One visit to a sewer is enough, and I notice that these types seldom reappear in cheap paper editions. Perhaps this fashion will kill itself. We notice that healthy novels are still written and can and do survive the economic blizzard. We notice also that novels are suffering more than history, science and biography in the book slump. So perhaps publishers in their abundant wisdom, may come to accept it before next year that filth doesn't pay continuous dividends. Meanwhile, we can understand why such censorship as our laws provide is not made use of against what is base and harmful in home and imported reading matter.

The Aged Author.—I favour Mr. Moray M'Laren's suggestion made at a Public Administration Conference in Edinburgh that popular aged authors should have their earnings exempted from income tax at sixty or sixty-five. The later date would do—for me, but there may be a catch in the adjective "popular." Mr. Bloodsucker no doubt will oppose the motion and cite the case of William de Morgan, who "commenced author" at the age of seventy and turned out a number of good novels from which Mr. B. could to-day draw a satisfactory amount of blood. Mr. B. would cite Sir Compton Mackenzie (sixty-nine), that bonny fighter who, despite his sciatica and disillusion, has yet within him many a golden egg. A.P.H., also a bonny fighter for authors, is nearing the sixty-five mark and shows no sign of drying up. Mr. Bloodsucker, opposing the motion, will not base his main argument on senility—the danger of encouraging old writers to flood the literary market with tripe. He knows that many of these old geese positively improve the gold content of their eggs after reaching the sixties, and he fears for his percentages. He is trying to find a way to squeeze them not quite out of existence, to keep them from going broody. But Mr. M'Laren's plan wouldn't suit him.

A Little Knowledge.—I don't know how many readers and listeners of "health hints," printed and broadcast, take them as gospel. If the percentage is high, there is a strict duty cast on the B.B.C. and editorial staffs to choose only highly qualified practitioners to disseminate these pieces of medical advice and also themselves to know enough about medicine to detect and correct outrageous errors. When the other day a lady pundit in the Home Service advised us to dab our gnat stings with "one part carbolic acid and three parts vinegar," she "forgot" to add that this compound should be immersed in "eight parts water." It was left to the B.M.A. to demand the broadcasting of a warning about this dangerous remedy. The female pundit light-heartedly admitted that "mistakes will happen," and no one in the B.B.C. on that occasion knew enough about medicine to detect her error, and failed to consult an expert. All of which suggests that perhaps your G.P. is still the best consultant on remedies and health hints, and that newspapers and the B.B.C. should be much more careful when they assume the functions of a learned profession without first acquiring their hardly-won qualifications—one of which is certainly the habit of infinite care in checking the accuracy of prescriptions before sending them out to the customers. "Mistakes will happen," of course. It is the duty of those who deal in dangerous drugs to ensure by knowledge and habit that they don't.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

FLYING THE COMET ROUTE TO TOKYO

By GEOFFREY WILLANS

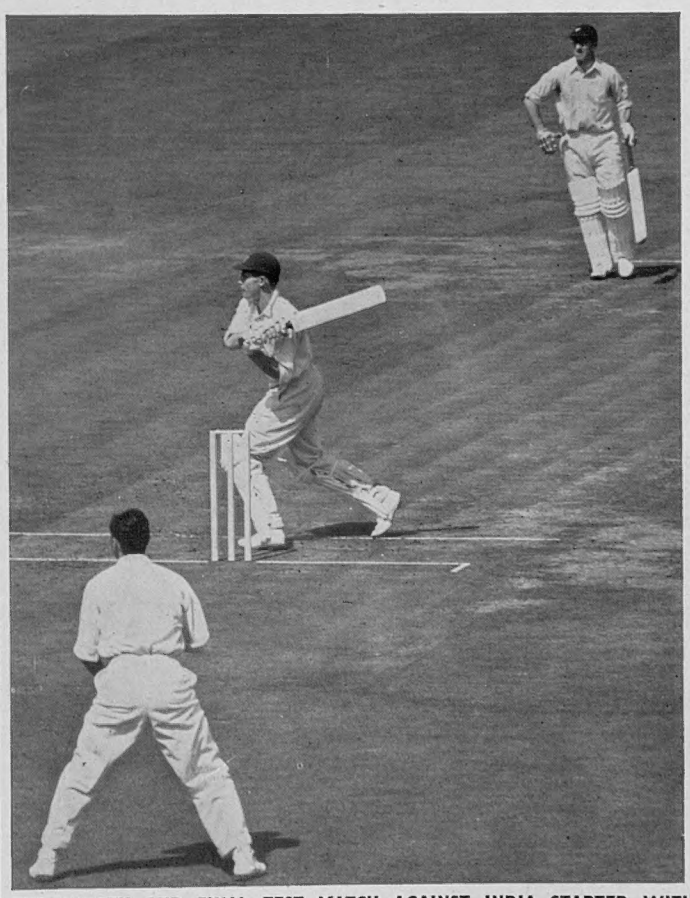
With Photographs taken from a Comet during a pioneer flight to Japan, touching at Rangoon, Saigon and Manila

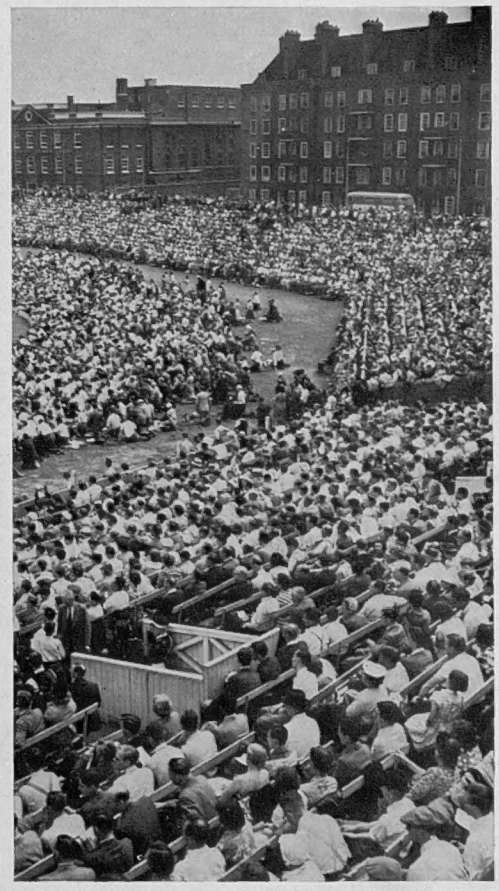
FULL MILITARY HONOURS AT THE FUNERAL OF EVA PERON

THE SCENE AS EVA PERON'S BODY WAS CARRIED THROUGH THE STREETS OF BUENOS AIRES WITH FULL MILITARY HONOURS : The coffin was borne on a gun-carriage drawn by white-shirted labour unionists. *On right*—President Peron, wearing a black mourning band on his arm, walking with Government officials behind the gun-carriage. The coffin had been lying in state in the Congress building and was taken to an improvised mausoleum in the lecture hall of the General Confederation of Labour, where it will remain for a year before being interred in a permanent tomb.

Full military honours normally accorded only to a President who dies in office were observed at the funeral of Eva Peron, Argentina's "Mayor of Labour," who died on July 26. The ancient gun-carriage bearing the silver-encrusted coffin was drawn by three files of men and women workers, wearing white shirts and black trousers, through streets lined by troops with fixed bayonets draped in black crepe. On either side of the gun-carriage marched cadets of the three armed forces and members of the Eva Peron nurses' school. General Peron walked behind the gun-carriage. With him were members of the Senora's family, members of the Cabinet and other high dignitaries of the State. The cortege was preceded and followed by squadrons of the historic regiment of San Martin, mounted grenadiers in the picturesque uniforms of the war of independence. All branches of the Army were represented, including motorised and armoured troops. Many thousands of people watched in silence as the coffin was taken to the General Confederation of Labour building where it will await the erection of a monumental tomb.

SLOW-MOTION TACTICS IN THE LAST TEST MATCH AT THE OVAL





THE FOURTH AND FINAL TEST MATCH AGAINST INDIA STARTED WITH SOME SLOW-MOTION SCORING IN THE PRESENCE OF A VAST CROWD : *Left*—D. S. Sheppard, who opened for England with Hutton, hitting out during the later stages of his innings of 119, which occupied the greater part of the first day of the match. *Right*—A glimpse of the crowd which endured the stolid performance of the opening partnership, play which gave England a sound start but which was altogether too defensive. Later came an Indian collapse and torrential rain.

AFTER LYNMOUTH'S NIGHT OF TERROR

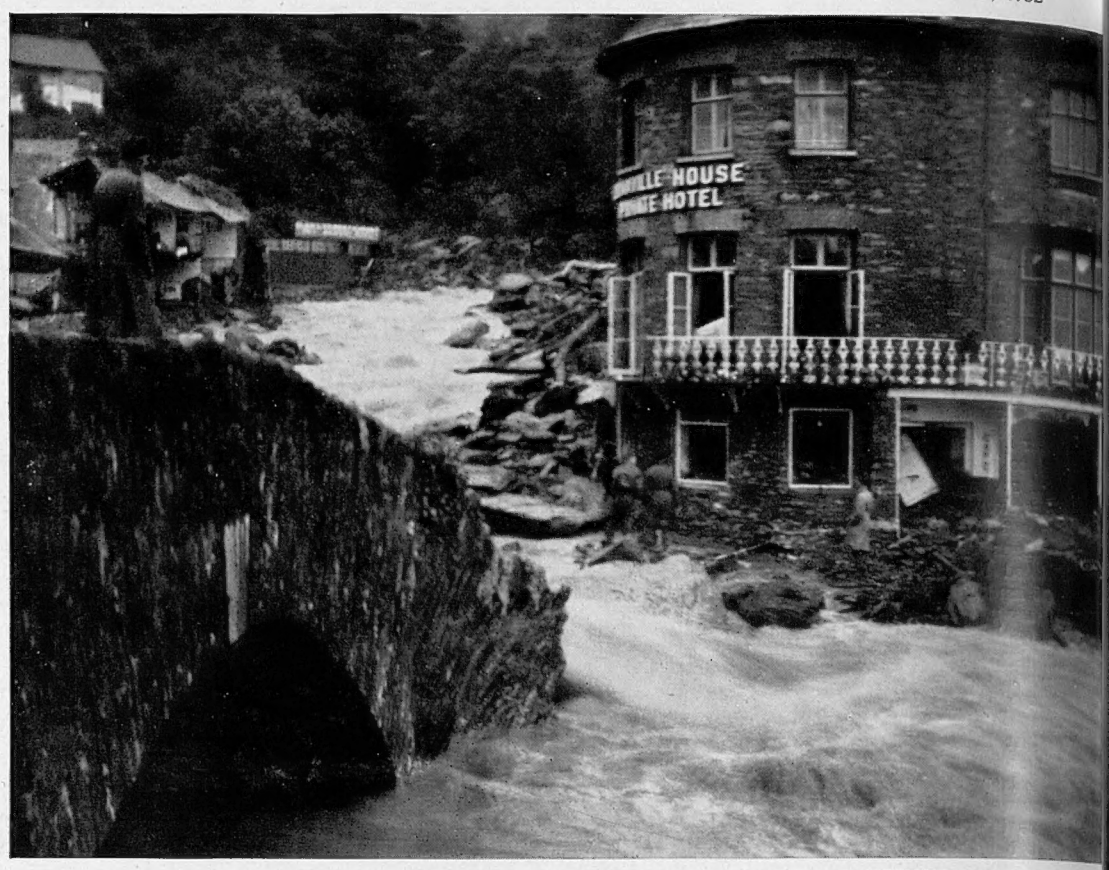
Destruction in the North Devon Seaside Town Where the East and West Lyn Roared Down Upon It in Spate

"My walk to Ilfracombe led me through Lynmouth, the finest spot, except Cintra and the Arrabida, that I ever saw. Two rivers join at Lynmouth. You probably know the hill-streams of Devonshire; each of these flows down a combe, rolling over huge stones like a long waterfall. Immediately at their junction they enter the sea and the rivers and the sea make but one sound of uproar. Of these combes the one is richly wooded, the other runs between two high, bare and stony hills. From the hill between the two is a prospect most magnificent; on either hand combes and the river before the little village—the beautiful little village. This alone would constitute a view beautiful enough to repay the weariness of a long journey; but to complete it there is the blue and boundless sea, for the faint and feeble line of the Welsh coast is only to be seen on the right hand, if the day be perfectly clear."—SOUTHEY.

This was how Robert Southey described Lynmouth in his day. That same magnificent prospect of the little town at the foot of Exmoor has survived into modern times, but last week-end the traditional peace of Lynmouth was rudely shattered in a single night of terror, a night of catastrophe following thunder and torrential rain. The two rivers, the East and West Lyn, which gently girdle Lynmouth before falling into the sea, suddenly became roaring avalanches of water after 9 ins. of rain had fallen in the catchment area. The rivers actually rose to a height of 18 ft., and on the Lyndale Hotel there can still be seen the high-water mark of that terrible night. At the height of the flood the West Lyn suddenly changed its course, reverting to the ancient bed it occupied 400 years ago, and as a result giant boulders, some weighing as much as 10 tons, were hurled through the town, cracking the foundations of houses, ripping out windows and shop-fronts. One resident in the Lyndale Hotel declared after his rescue that both the rivers seemed determined to meet and carry the hotel away. "We were imprisoned in the upper rooms all night, with the waters swirling past us, and we could not get away until dawn." Even then the rest of Britain knew nothing of the disaster that had overcome Lynmouth.

The floods took everyone by surprise, and when the waters began to rise no one could really believe that they would continue to do so at such an alarming rate. Within the space of a few minutes people were driven from the lower floors to the upper floors of hotels and boarding-houses flanking the Lyn and its new course. There were many wonderful feats of rescue—not least by Michael Freestone, of Cliff House Hotel, who waded waist-deep through the torrent in order to reach a tottering cottage and rescue a seven-year-old girl whose parents had already been carried away by the floods.

It will take six months before the West Lyn River is redirected to its proper course and roads and bridges are restored. Meanwhile relief work goes ahead with all speed. A nation-wide relief fund has been started by Lord Fortescue and Lord Hylton, the Lords Lieutenant of Devon and Somerset, and everything is being done to care for the homeless and the bereft. The address of the North Devon and West Somerset Relief Appeal is National Provincial Bank, 65, High Street, Exeter.

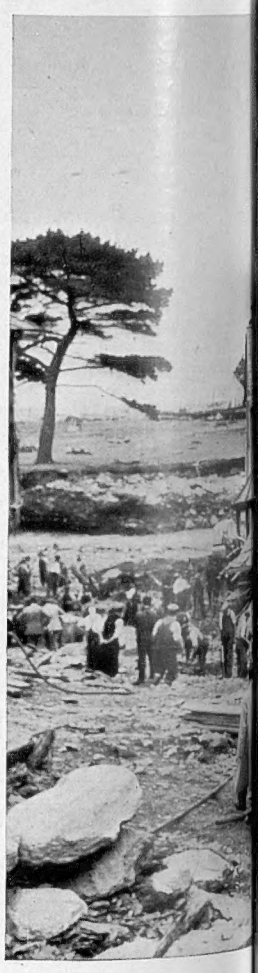


WHERE THE RAGING WATERS MET: This picture was taken outside the Granville House Private Hotel and shows in the background the West Lyn on its new course. Flowing beneath the bridge in the foreground is the East Lyn on its normal course. At the height of the flooding the water at this point was 18 ft. above normal level and boulders were being carried down the hillside on the flood, their massive bulk being hurled against the foundations of the houses. Twelve people spent the night of terror crowded together in an upper room of the Granville Private Hotel.

***On left*— JOURNEY'S END:** A car overturned outside the Bath Hotel, Lynmouth, and in the foreground is the point where the road was cut off by the flood-waters. No fewer than fifteen cars were caught by the flood in Lynmouth's main street, and all of them were damaged.

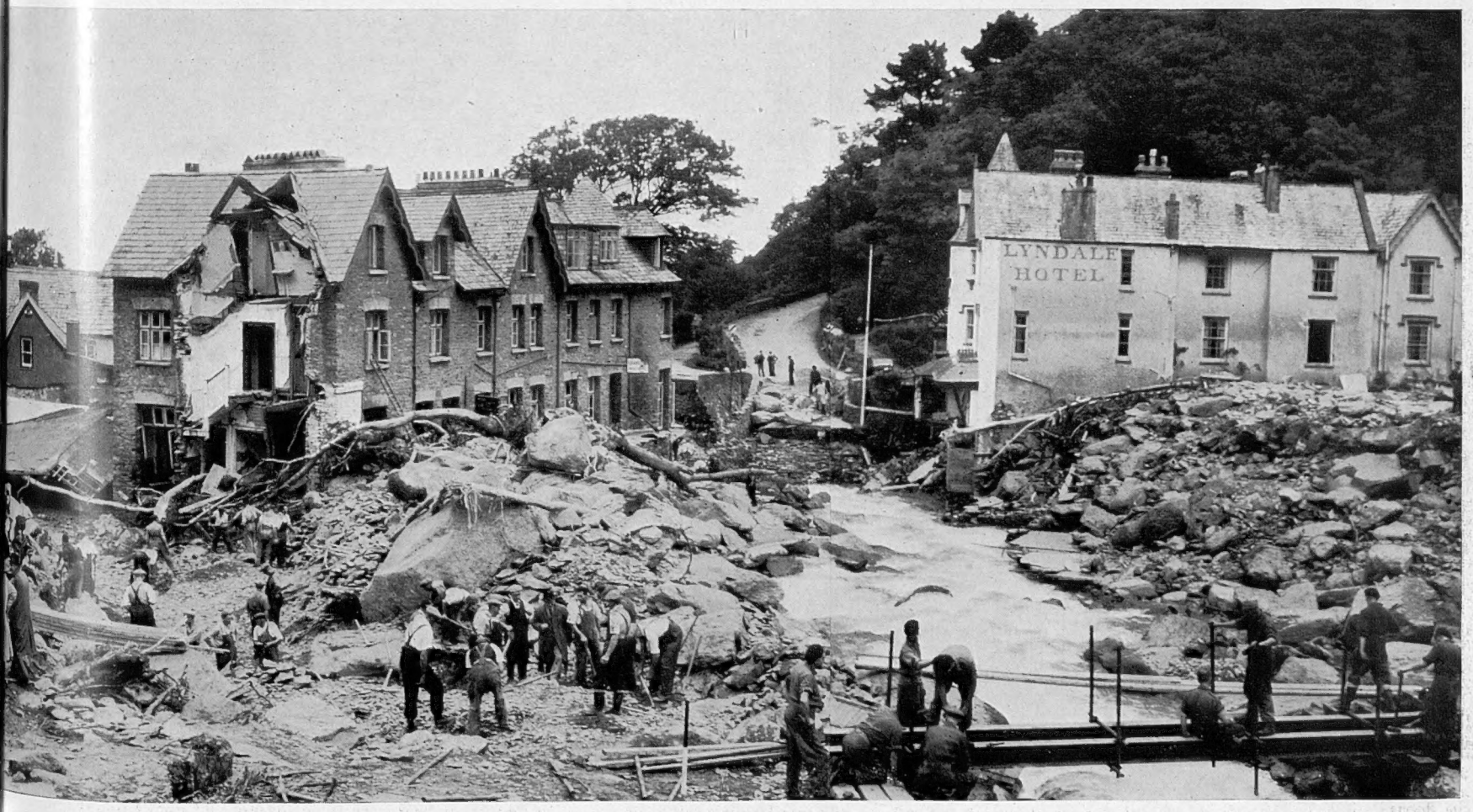
OLD-WORLD COTTAGES AT EXBRIDGE WITH A TREE-TRUNK THROWN AGAINST THEM: This picture is of special interest as there were several cases at Lynmouth of tree-trunks being wedged against houses and taking the force of the blow when boulders hurtled down with the torrent. The proprietor of one hotel at Lynmouth, who spent the night listening to the pounding boulders, declared that his property was saved because of tree trunks.

***Above*—A CAR LIES CRUSHED AMID THE TANGLE OF BROKEN TREES AND RUBBLE:** A scene of devastation along the course of the River Lyn torrent. In the background are some of the battered hotels of Lynmouth.



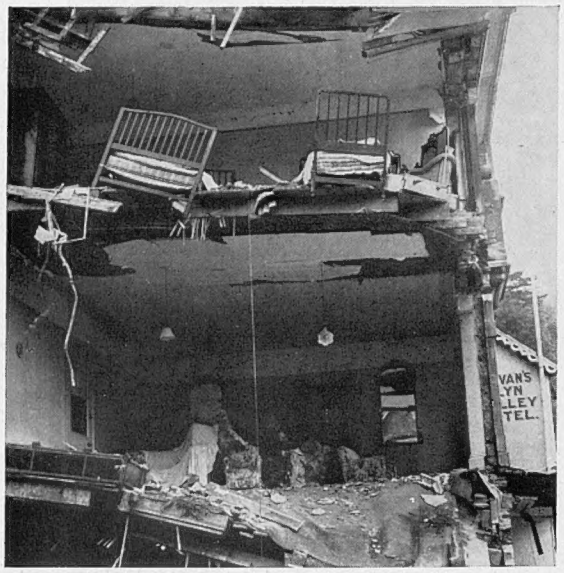
***On right*—FOCAL-POINT OF DISASTER:** The new course of the Lyn, showing where it rushed between the Lyndale and the Granville Hotels to join the East Lyn. Troops in the foreground are seen erecting a bridge.

A NOW-HIS ORIC PICTURE REVEALING THE DEVASTATION OF A SINGLE NIGHT: In the foreground the West Lyn is seen roaring down on its new course. Its old course lies th ough the gap in the houses on the left. On the extreme right is the East Lyn, and the new meeting-point of the two rivers is the bridge leading to Count ury Hill. It was at this point that the water reached its maximum level, and it can be well understood from this picture how the torrent brought down with t the massive boulders which made such an assault on the foundations of the Granville Private Hotel, the Lyndale Hotel and other properties. Lynmouth suffered severel over three centuries ago in 1607 when many of the old cottages were demolished by an exceptional storm and tide. The sea at Lynmouth rises 25 ft. at spring tides.



LYNMOUTH:
NATURE'S TOLL OF DESTRUCTION

Further Pictures of Devastation from the Stricken North Devon Town



BEVAN'S LYN VALLEY HOTEL, WITH ONE WALL TORN AWAY BY THE FLOODWATERS : Over 1,000 holiday-makers left Lynmouth after the disaster, some of them being accommodated temporarily at Minehead, but most of them returning to their homes. The Minister of Housing, Mr. Macmillan, journeyed to the stricken town last Monday.

AFTER THE NIGHT OF TERROR THE LYN STILL BRINGS DOWN DEBRIS : The river swirling past the town, a tree borne upon the relentless waters. In the air there hang crazily the rafters of a half-wrecked building.

DEBRIS LITTERS THE ONCE-PICTURESQUE MAIN STREET OF LYNMOUTH : Here the damage to structures was not severe, but all basement properties were flooded out. *On left*—Troops and civilian workers in action.

THE DAY AFTER THE TRAGEDY : *Left*—A breakdown van from Dunster preparing to move a wrecked car from the bridge at Lynmouth. *On right*—Two craft in the harbour wrecked by the fury of the floods and buried by the shingle. Many small craft were overwhelmed, first breaking their moorings with the onrush of the floods and then capsizing. Lynmouth was cut in two by the torrent, and last Monday police on the north and south sides were communicating by walkie talkie.

A KING IN NEW YORK: A POTENTIAL PRESIDENT IN WASHINGTON

Pictures from the United States During these August Days—Governor Stevenson and Senator Sparkman Together at the White House

GOVERNOR ADLAI STEVENSON, OF ILLINOIS, THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR THE PRESIDENCY, VISITING THE WHITE HOUSE: Governor Stevenson, seen pointing towards the camera, is accompanied by Senator John Sparkman, of Alabama, outside the White House. Behind them, on the extreme right, is Joseph Short, the Presidential Press Secretary, talking to a reporter. Adlai Stevenson was born in Los Angeles in 1900, the son of Lewis Green Stevenson, a Hearst executive. He is a man of the very highest integrity, carrying into the coming fight for the Presidency a reputation second to none as an administrator and a man of complete incorruptibility.

KING FEISAL II OF IRAQ VISITING THE UNCOMPLETED GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL OF THE UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK: The King is seen in the centre of this picture, wearing a light suit. Beside him is his uncle, Prince Abdul Ilah, who is acting as Regent until the King comes of age next year. King Feisal has just finished three years at Harrow.

THE HEROES RETURN: FROM KOREA AND HELSINKI

AN AMERICAN HERO OF THE KOREAN WAR RETURNS HOME: Major William E. Barber, aged thirty-two, who has won the Marine Medal of Honour for heroism in Korea, relaxing with his family at his home in San Diego, California. Although severely wounded, Major Barber directed his men and encouraged them during a five-day battle in which his company defended an icy mountain pass against repeated Communist attacks.

On left—
RETURNING HOME WITH AN OLYMPIC GOLD MEDAL: Mr. C. Young, who won the javelin event at the 1952 Olympics, showing the gold medal to his wife on his return to his home at Modesto, California. Mr. Young, twenty-three years old and 6 ft. 5 ins. tall, set up a new Olympic record with a throw of 73·78 metres (242 ft. 0¾ ins.). The silver medal for this event was also taken by an American, twenty-two-year-old Bill Miller, of Phœnix, Arizona.

THE BRITISH CANBERRA RESPLENDENT IN U.S. MARKINGS

A CANBERRA TWIN-JET BOMBER, BUILT UNDER LICENCE IN AMERICA, PASSING OVER THE NEW CHESAPEAKE BAY BRIDGE: The Canberra is undergoing an advanced test programme at Baltimore, where the Glenn L. Martin Company is building an undisclosed number of a night-intruder version of these aircraft for the American Air Force.

PIKE COUNTY, OHIO, IS TO PRODUCE FISSIONABLE ISOTOPES

A RESTAURANT AND PETROL STATION AT SARGENTS, PIKE COUNTY, OHIO, WHERE ATOMIC PLANT COSTING 1,200,000,000 DOLLARS IS TO BE BUILT: The villages of Van Meters, Wakefield, and Sargents, with a total population of 300, will be levelled to make room for the new plant, which is to produce a fissionable isotope of uranium.

IN LUXEMBOURG THE COAL-STEEL PLANNERS MEET

M. Jean Monnet Holds the Inaugural Meeting of the High Authority of the Western European Coal and Steel Pool

THIS IS THE HOME OF THE HIGH AUTHORITY OF THE COAL AND STEEL POOL DURING ITS STAY IN LUXEMBOURG : The Luxembourg Railways Building, where the nine delegates have their meetings, discussing the principles of co-operation in the employment of the coal and steel resources of six European nations. They meet under the chairmanship of M. Monnet, of France. The inaugural meeting was held on August 10 at Luxembourg City Hall.

M. Schuman, whose name has been given to the now-celebrated plan for European industrial and economic co-operation, has declared that the new Coal and Steel Pool is only the beginning of the organisation of Europe. Behind this coal and steel project, with its High Authority owing no allegiance to any one Government, lies first and foremost the idea of putting an end to Franco-German antagonism and, even more far-reaching, the idea of a united Europe with its own Parliament. M. Schuman avers that Europe cannot be organised without total agreement between France and Germany, and if Europe does not organise as a single Power she will find herself crushed between the United States and the Soviet Union.

Last week this High Authority, stemming from the original Schuman Plan, held its first meetings in Luxembourg, and there for the time being it will rule the coal and steel industries of the six member nations, until a permanent headquarters is established. One of the first tasks of the High Authority has been to enter into direct conversations with the British Government with a view to finding ways and means of co-operation between Britain and the six member nations. M. Monnet also envisages close and fruitful collaboration with the U.S. which "has given many proofs of active sympathy."

JEAN MONNET, ARDENT PROTAGONIST OF THE SCHUMAN PLAN AND PRESIDENT OF THE HIGH AUTHORITY, DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS LAST WEEK IN THE CITY HALL AT LUXEMBOURG : M. Monnet said that it was a historic moment for Europe, and he paid a tribute to M. Schuman, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who in 1950 had introduced the proposal to pool the coal and steel resources of Western Europe. The main significance of the new organisation, he said, was that for the first time France and Germany were acting as members of a community, and that their vital interests would depend on a High Authority that was neither German nor French, but European. On behalf of all the members of the High Authority, M. Monnet solemnly repeated the pledge that they would exercise their functions in full independence and would not accept or request any instructions from a Government. This inaugural meeting, he pointed out, was the first European assembly entrusted with sovereign powers. Within the next few months Customs barriers and discriminatory measures on coal and steel would be withdrawn in the six member countries.

THE NINE MEMBERS OF THE HIGH AUTHORITY ON THE DAIS IN LUXEMBOURG CITY HALL BEFORE THE PUBLIC INAUGURAL SESSION BEGAN : They are (left to right)—Paul Finet (Belgium), former President of the General Labour Federation of Belgium; Leon Daum (France), former Vice-President of the Steelworks of Homecourt and former President of the Sollac and Sidelor French steel combines; Enzo Giacchero (Italy), former Italian Member of Parliament; Franz Etzel (Germany), first Vice-President of the High Authority and former President of the Economic Commission of the German Parliament; Jean Monnet (France), President of the High Authority and former General Commissioner for Economic Planning of France; Albert Coppe (Belgium), second Vice-President of the High Authority and former Minister of Reconstruction of Belgium; Kirk Spierenburg (Netherlands), former President of the Dutch delegation to O.E.E.C.; Albert Wehrer (Luxembourg), former Luxembourg Minister to France; and Heinz Potthoff (Germany), former chief of the German delegation to the Ruhr Authority. All members of the High Authority resigned their previous functions on accepting their nomination.

THE HOTEL DE VILLE, LUXEMBOURG, ON THE DAY OF THE INAUGURAL MEETING : Citizens looking on as delegates arrived for the meeting.

THE BIG YACHTS FRAMED IN A LEAFY SETTING ON THE COWES FORESHORE: The American yawl *Caribee* (Carleton Mitchell) under the lee of *Bloodhound* (Myles Wyatt) and *Foxhound* (the Hon. Mrs. Pitt Rivers). The handicap yachts provided some fine racing this year, and *Caribee* distinguished herself because she rates very favourably under the R.O.R.C racing rule. Her damaged steering-gear was a handicap to *Caribee* during the racing.

RACING THE ROYAL YACHTS AT COWES

Prince Philip, Expert Alike as Helmsman and Seaman, Demonstrated his Skill During an Unforgettable Regatta in which the Smaller Yachts were Once Again to the Fore

In last week's issue of THE SPHERE *Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, and Uffa Fox, the distinguished yacht-designer, were shown in a series of pictures as they raced the Royal yachts* Coweslip *and* Bluebottle, *with Prince Philip at the helm and Mr. Fox as crew. In this article Uffa Fox describes his experiences when racing in the Royal yachts at Cowes, and discusses in detail some of the highlights of the 1952 Regatta, one of the most successful ever held in the Solent.*

By UFFA FOX

COWES WEEK, coming as it does with the breaking-up of schools and of Parliament, is always a very popular week, and this year saw some 250 yachts racing each and every day of the week. Another good reason for the popularity of Cowes is that the courses on the Solent are the most interesting of all. If an entire golf-course was laid out over a dead-level green field no one would ever play the game more than half-a-dozen times, and so golf-courses are made with hazards and difficulties on them; Cowes has all the hazards and difficulties it is possible to think of. There are rocks and sands, deep-water channels and shoals, also tides, all of which ensure that no two races are ever alike. If the wind is the same, the tide is different. Because of this it calls for a great deal of knowledge and skill on the part of the helmsmen and crews, and so develops first-rate helmsmen and crews. Around the coasts of Britain clubs flourish and prosper where the courses are difficult. Wherever the sailing-ground is easy and free from problems the sailing clubs are unable to flourish, and fail to produce first-rate helmsmen; helmsmen and crews languish in these conditions. The waters inside the Wight, bristling with problems, number far more clubs and far more yachts and boats than any other stretch of water in the world.

The price we have had to pay for enduring and winning two dreary wars is reflected in the size of craft racing. Before the 1939 war the smallest International Class was the 6-metre and this year the largest International Classes are the 6-metres, and there are only some half-a-dozen of these.

Broadly speaking, the position with yachting to-day is that there are a greater number of yachtsmen and yachts than ever before, but all of them in smaller craft. This is a good thing for the nation, as we depend and have always depended upon our seamen in peace and in war.

The two Royal yachts *Bluebottle* (Dragon) and *Coweslip* (Flying Fifteen) racing at Cowes are an indication of the times in which we live; but there were, however, larger vessels in the Handicap Classes such as *Latifa, Bloodhound, Foxhound,* the American *Caribee,* and also that stately lady, *Zoraida,* and the steam yacht *Virginia,* all reminding us of the past.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S "COWESLIP" "SMOKING ALONG IN A BREEZE OF WIND": The Duke of Edinburgh was at the helm and Uffa Fox acted as crew when the Flying Fifteen came in second in a memorable race on the second day of the Cowes Regatta; a race described by Uffa Fox in his article on these pages.

The south-west monsoon had set in some days before Cowes Week and this meant that, generally speaking, there would be strong south-westerly winds throughout the week, which opened with the Royal Southampton Yacht Club's Regatta, in which all classes started across the Royal Yacht Squadron line. This day began with the usual strong south-west wind, but heavy rain-squalls killed the wind off, and for the greater part of the racing the yachts were driven along more by rain than wind.

The Sunday was spent in going to church, visiting various yachts, homes and houses. Here and there vessels could be seen sailing, but most of us enjoyed a day of leisure.

Monday was the Royal London Yacht Club Regatta, again from the Royal Yacht Squadron lines, and on this day the wind was south-west and fresh.

On Tuesday the wind was again south-west, but moderate, and the Royal Yacht Squadron took over the racing, opening their Regatta with the Handicap Race for the Britannia Challenge Cup. This was won by the straight-stemmed sixty-four-year-old cutter *Zoraida,* a popular win, for this picturesque vessel takes us all back into the past. On some days, she had a jack-yard topsail set and on others a thimble-headed topsail set over her mainsail. Such a vessel calls for a great deal of seamanship from her helmsman and crew. The smaller classes on this day were started by the Royal London and over the Royal London line—a feature which confuses the spectators and people racing at Cowes for the first time.

On this day the Duke of Edinburgh was flying from Helsinki, and because he was steering his Flying Fifteen *Coweslip,* the race for this Class was put back to the last race of the day, with a starting-time of 1.40 p.m., in order to give him time to reach London, travel to the South Coast and from there by fast launch to General Browning's wishbone ketch, *Jeanne d'Arc,* anchored near the starting-line.

I had *Coweslip* alongside all ready, and immediately the Duke transferred we were away.

The launches with the Press photographers were dreadful. They crowded in like birds of prey and behaved in very much the same way, battering us mentally to pieces. The Jockey Club would never allow a thoroughbred racer to be subjected to such treatment immediately before a race, but here were otherwise intelligent people destroying our thoughts and actions.

(Continued on following page)

COWES REGATTA

THE X-CLASS YACHTS RUNNING PAST THE GUARDSHIP "FINISTERRE": During Cowes Week some thirty boats of this popular class contested a race, and while they were taking off to the westward, the 6 metres, the 5·5 metres, the Dragons, the Swallows and Redwings were sweeping along in the opposite direction under spinnakers. Cowes was indeed this year a great festival for the smaller yachts.

THE 5·5-METRE "YEOMAN," JUST RETURNED FROM HELSINKI, STILL SAILED WITH THE BAHAMA MARKS ON HER MAINSAIL: Here she is seen with spinnaker set to perfection, a credit to her class. The 5·5 design has been taken up with enthusiasm in Baltic waters, and it now seems sure of success in this country.

THE AMERICAN YAWL "CARIBEE," "STAMPING ON A SEA": *Caribee* damaged her steering before the start of Cowes Regatta and had to race with a jury-rigged tiller. During Cowes Week she was due to go to Brixham to take part in the race to Santander, but in view of the circumstances, she remained on at Cowes.

RACING THE ROYAL YACHTS

(*Continued from previous page*)

It was the first time Prince Philip had been on board *Coweslip* since his one race in Cowes Week last year, which he won, and I was amazed that he could recover from all this and still make quite a good start. Once round the first mark he handled his vessel and her sails and gear so well that he pulled her right out into second place on a run. There are a great many good helmsmen, but few of those able to tend to the sheets and gear as Prince Philip did this day. Throughout this run he had the tiller, mainsheet and spinnaker guy, steering and handling his sheets to perfection.

We were racing against first-rate helmsmen and crew who had been sailing together all summer and who knew their boats and gear as well as the back of their hand.

After the run to the Ryde Middle Buoy it was a beat to windward and although we closed with *Starletta*, the boat ahead, she tacked and covered each and every one of our moves and we were unable to break through, and so finished second to Colonel Jardine's twins, two able men who last year won the Firefly Championship.

The Royal Yacht Squadron took over on Wednesday and everything was started from their line. The wind was easterly, very light, strengthening to a moderate easterly wind later.

On this day the Duke of Edinburgh steered *Bluebottle*, the Dragon which Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Philip own jointly.

The wind was in the opposite direction and so light we had to kedge to keep ourselves to the right side of the line until just before the five-minute gun, when a little air made up which enabled us to sail against the tide.

On such a day it is imprudent to be hard on the starting-line with the gun, as once swept over by the tide it would be almost impossible to return.

Here Prince Philip showed great restraint and judgment and did not attempt to start at the windward end. Instead, he started just under the lee of the eight or ten boats at the buoy—many of whom were hitting and bumping each other and should have retired because of this. Most of them were pushing off from each other round the buoy.

By bearing away to leeward and sailing quietly away to leeward, he soon pulled out into first place and led almost all the way across the Solent to the first mark and again elected to round the buoy to leeward of two other boats—one of whom hit the mark and retired—why, I could not understand, in view of the bumping and boring at the earlier mark. He continued to sail away to leeward and quietly crept along the north shore

THE "QUEEN MARY" PASSES THE DRAGONS IN THE SOLENT: As Uffa Fox explains in his article, Cowes owes much of its popularity among helmsmen because it offers every variety of sailing condition, with tides, sandbanks and shoals, not to mention the occasional big steamer, making each race a battle of wits and endurance.

DRAGONS IN THE ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE OF GURNARD LEDGE: Coming about in these conditions requires skill of a high order, and there were several incidents during Cowes Week when marker buoys were touched by the boats. Wrong tactics employed at this stage of a race can often lead to the loss of valuable seconds.

until Hill Head Buoy, where he tacked, as by now we could make Old Castle Point Buoy on the island shore our last mark before home.

We were now on the port tack and had to give way to another boat which caused us to overstand the mark.

With our sheets slightly eased we ramped across the Solent, as by now the wind had increased, rounding Old Castle Point Buoy third, and, setting the spinnaker, finished third.

In both of these races—one in a smart breeze and the other in a calm gentle air that freshened later—each and every helmsman in the race had to use perfect judgment. To have finished second and third (to my mind) was a wonderful performance, and I felt contented and delighted.

On Thursday the Royal Yacht Squadron started the larger classes and the Island Sailing Club the smaller classes; the wind was south-west and moderate.

The Cowes Town Regatta Day was on Friday. The Royal Yacht Squadron started the larger craft and the Town Regatta Committee started the smaller classes from their line some 50 yards to the west.

This day the wind had freshened still more, each wave and squall demanding a great deal from all the helmsmen and crew racing that day. Down off Gurnard Ledge, P. Colville, sailing his Dragon *Orthos*, somehow or another lost his crew off the fore-deck. He and the third member of the crew dropped everything to haul him aboard.

During this she gybed and her mainsail caught across the runner and, in the twinkling of an eye, she filled and sank.

Here it is interesting to note the wind recorded by the Calshot anemometer, which is situated on the Castle 88 ft. above sea-level—the mean speed recorded is 22 knots, and this corrected for sea-level gives a speed of 18 knots, and the highest gusts recorded were 25 to 28 knots. The afternoon was given over to rowing races, swimming events, etc., and, as usual, a fireworks display off the Victoria Pier, followed by a salvo of rockets from the destroyer H.M.S. *Finisterre*, the guardship for the week.

Saturday morning came in with a strong, blustery south-west wind and early in the morning the flag "N" was hoisted at the Royal Yacht Squadron's and on the Island Sailing Club's yard-arm to tell everyone that the day's Regatta was cancelled. The Royal Southern Yacht Club were to have started all the classes across the Squadron line. The recorded wind at Calshot this day was gusting up from 34 to 38 knots from six in the forenoon until noon, and the heaviest gust was recorded at 6.30 with one gust reaching 43 knots. This, with the mean speed of 30 knots and the fact that a Dragon had filled and sunk the day before, was quite enough to cause the Royal Southern to cancel their Regatta.

Nowadays the Dragons, Flying Fifteens, 6 metres and 5·5 metres never reef, and the reason is that when the wind is strong enough for them to reef, the Committees have always cancelled races. I often wonder if it is really wise to do so as we never learn to reef our boats and learn to sail them reefed.

A year ago on the Saturday of Cowes Week we had a similar day, and raced through it. Although gear was carried away, there were no casualties.

Sunday was another off-day and Cowes Week ended with the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club Regatta on Monday, August 11. By now the south-west wind had moderated and this day's racing started in a fairly light wind still from the south-west, which, however, increased enough to dismast *Shoveller* in the 5·5 race for the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club Cup.

So Cowes Week, 1952, came to a close and all who had taken part in it had enjoyed great sport, as on most days there was plenty enough wind to go round.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

GERMANY LAUNCHES HER FIRST ROCKET SINCE THE WAR: The mail-carrying rocket, carrying a load of 660 lbs., speeding away from its launching ramp in the first of a series of five planned tests carried out by Professor Albert Puellenburg and a group of fellow-scientists on a heath near Bremen The tests were watched by members of the Allied Military Security Board. It is the intention of the organisers to gain the interest of German Post Office officials. If they can get Post Office backing they hope to start delivering letters over distances of 20 miles. Several of the scientists taking part worked in Hitler's rocket-building organisation.

GENERAL ELECTION DAY IN SOUTH KOREA: Citizens lining up to cast their votes on polling day when, according to the South Korean Government, over 70 per cent. of the people voted. Dr. Rhee and a little-known Presbyterian Minister, who stood as Vice-President, were easy victors in this first popular Presidential election, Dr. Rhee having a lead of 4,000,000 votes over his closest competitor for the Presidency. Ham Tai Yung received over 2,000,000 votes for Vice-President. August 15 was fixed as the day of the Presidential inauguration, this being the anniversary of Korean independence, and Dr. Rhee announced a special pardon to civilian prisoners. This meant that 8,000 out of 12,800 civilians held in prisons would be freed.

BELGIUM'S TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR STRIKE OVER THE QUESTION OF MILITARY SERVICE: Five thousand people marched through the streets of Brussels during the twenty-four-hour strike and demonstration organised by the Socialist General Federation of Trade Unions and the Socialist Party against the two-year period of military service. The strike was only partial, and there were no serious incidents. At a meeting after the march some Communists demanded that the period of military service should be limited to one year. The Socialists say they want the period of service limited to eighteen months. There has been a rift between the Socialists and the Christian Social Trade Unions on this vexed question. The Belgian Government has now decided on a service period of twenty-one months.

ONE OF AMERICA'S NEW GUPPY SUBMARINES PASSING THROUGH THE GOVERNMENT LOCKS EN ROUTE TO LAKE WASHINGTON: This submarine is the U.S.S. *Volador*, belonging to the Tench-Corsair class. The name Guppy indicates that she is a design equipped with Greater Underwater Propulsive Power, and her equipment includes the latest development of the German Schnorkel under-water breathing device. The surface speed of the class is said to be 20 knots, and the submerged speed 10 knots without special equipment. The Guppies are much faster than this, but their actual under-water speeds are not disclosed. They each carry a complement of 85 men and their displacement is 1,570 tons. One vessel in the class is being converted into a target for under-water explosion tests. Another is used for sound and vibration tests.

THE SCENE OF A DRAMATIC RESCUE ATTEMPT FOLLOWING AN ACCIDENT IN THE HIGH PYRENEES: A member of the Max Cosyns expedition operating the winch during the investigation which has been going on among some of the world's deepest pot-holes. Last week M. Marcel Loubens, a thirty-three-year-old French explorer and a member of the Cosyns expedition, fractured his spine and broke his jaw when he fell 130 ft. down 1,600-ft. Gouffre Lepineux, near the Spanish frontier. At the moment when the steel cable snapped he was in process of being hauled to the surface. M. Loubens fell on loose rock and was found unconscious by Dr Mairey, a fellow-explorer, who went to his rescue, descending on metal ladders to give first aid The winch being out of action, other means of getting Loubens to the surface had to be considered. At Cosyn's urgent request serum and medical supplies were parachuted to the entrance of the cave from a military plane, but Loubens died before he could be got to the surface.

THE JUMPING ENCLOSURE OF THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW, AND IN THE BACKGROUND THE ALMOST PACKED ANGLESIDE STAND, DURING THE COMPETITION C OVER FLY FENCES : On the first day of the Show Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Llewellyn, the leader of the victorious British Jumping team at Helsinki, received a great ovation when he appeared in the big ring to take part in the first international competition in the Show. In one competition Colonel Llewellyn finished third on Mr. Hanson's The Monarch, and in another fifth on Monty. Colonel Llewellyn later captained the British team in the substitute event which, owing to the Olympic Games, took the place of the Nations' Cup. The first days of the Show were held in brilliant sunshine, but on the last day a downpour spoiled much of the entertainment and there was a substantial falling-off in attendance. In the hunter championship the award went to Mr. O'Byrne's Babbling Stream.

HONOURED BY THE IRISH REPUBLIC : The former Indian Ambassador to the Republic of Ireland, V. K. Krishna Menon (centre), was called to the Irish Bar on the occasion of his retirement as Ambassador. Standing with Sri Krishna Menon in this picture are Mr. J. A. Costello (left), a former Prime Minister, and Mr. Carroll O'Daly, the Irish Attorney-General. Mr. Menon is already a member of the English Bar.

THE NEW INDIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND PRESENTS HIS CREDENTIALS TO THE PRESIDENT : Mr. Bal Gangadhar Kher, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the Republic of India, is received in audience by Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly at the President's residence. Mr. B. G. Kher, who is also High Commissioner for India in London, presented his letter of Commission to the Queen on July 16. The new Ambassador succeeds Krishna Menon.

COMMUNISTS IN CHAINS—THE SCENE IN LOS ANGELES AFTER FOURTEEN MEN HAD BEEN CONVICTED OF CONSPIRACY : Despite the handcuffs and chains which secured them, there were happy smiles on the faces of these men, six of the fourteen West Coast Communist leaders who received maximum sentences of five years' imprisonment and 10,000 dollars fine for conspiring to teach and advocate the violent overthrow of the Government. The six men seen leaving the Los Angeles Federal building are Philip Connelly, Henry Stenberg, Frank Carlson, Carl Lambert, William Schneiderman and Ernest Fox. The man wearing a hat is a United States Marshal.

A CONFERENCE AT MONTECATINI WHERE THE DUKE OF WINDSOR HAS BEEN RECOVERING FROM AN ATTACK OF GASTRO-ENTERITIS : The Duchess of Windsor seen outside the Grand Hotel after conferring with Sir Daniel Davies (standing just behind her), an extra physician to the Queen's household, who flew from England to advise on the Duke's illness. The Duke of Windsor was taken ill while on a cruise from Elba to Leghorn, and on the advice of doctors at Viareggio moved on to Montecatini, where Professor Pisani, a Florentine physician, suggested that a British specialist be called. After the visit of Sir Daniel Davies, a bulletin announced that the Duke had decided to cancel his plans to move on to Venice and to remain at Montecatini for several days.

A DISPUTED ISLET ON THE GREEK-BULGARIAN BORDER—GAMMA ISLAND, THE OWNERSHIP OF WHICH IS NOW BEING DISCUSSED BY A UNITED NATIONS PEACE COMMITTEE OF OBSERVERS : Both Greece and Bulgaria claim the island, the Greek contention being that it is Greek territory, and that the Bulgarians have been trying to divert the course of the river so as to get the islet on their side of the riverain frontier. The Gamma islet is situated in the territorial waters of the river Evros and this picture shows the island as it forks (left) into two parts. The fore part is grass-covered, and the rear part is covered in high scrub bush. In the background at left is the Bulgar farm town of Kapitan Andreyebo. At the end of July and the beginning of August "incidents" were reported from the area and on one day an N.C.O. of the Greek Gendarmerie and two militiamen were killed when a Bulgarian patrol ambushed them on the islet of Alpha. The U.N. Peace Committee has advised the Greeks to leave the Gamma islet as a no-man's-land until the Peace Committee had considered the dispute.

THE INDUSTRIAL HEART OF BRITAIN

Birmingham, a City Scattered Over a Wide Area, a Great and Proud City of Vital Importance in Britain's Drive for Higher Production, and Above All, a Melting-pot of Many Peoples

By ROY JENKINS, M.P.

WITH SPECIAL DRAWINGS BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER, R.W.S., R.O.I.

NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM, THE VERY HEART OF THE CITY, WHERE TRAFFIC CONGESTION IS AN EVER-PRESENT PROBLEM: To-day Birmingham boasts a population of over 1,100,000, and the municipal area amounts to 89 square miles. The heart of Birmingham suffered during the war, most seriously in the big attack on the night of November 19, 1940, when 615 persons were killed and damage was done to 100 factories.

Roy Jenkins, Member of Parliament for the Stechford Division of Birmingham, contributes this survey of the industrial heart of Britain, an assessment of modern Birmingham, a city which has risen so spectacularly in size of recent years, in large measure because of the influx of workers during the war.

Many eminent men have been associated with Birmingham's development since the eighteenth century, among them Baskerville, the printer, and Priestley, who discovered oxygen and was forced to leave because of his religious views. It was the partnership of Watt, who perfected the steam engine, and of Boulton, at Birmingham's famous Soho foundry, which gave a fillip to industrial expansion in the Midlands, while later Murdock, who invented lighting by gas, was associated with these two. To-day Birmingham has lost none of her inventive genius, and a trip beyond the city limits to the Austin works at Longbridge provides convincing proof, with its great production line, of the lead she is giving in developing the most important of all our export industries.

Collaborating with Mr. Jenkins in this survey of the post-war city—a city which survived remarkably amid the turmoil of war—is Mr. Claude Muncaster, R.W.S., R.O.I., the distinguished artist who has contributed a series of drawings to this feature made during a recent visit to Birmingham on behalf of THE SPHERE.

THE centre of Birmingham is ten miles from the geographical centre of England. It is also as near as one can get to a point at which the characteristics of the North of England and the South of England are present in equal strength. Rural Warwickshire is a southern county. Its country towns, its thickly wooded landscape, and its still, shaded river would all be out of place in the North. And if Birmingham is approached from that side—from Stratford, from Leamington or from Coventry—the wide suburban belt through which one passes might easily belong to London or, apart from its size, to some town of new light industries like Reading or Luton.

From Staffordshire and the Black Country the approach is quite different. Outside the city boundary there is no wooded countryside, but instead the scarred landscape of an old industrial area; and within the boundary the characteristic feature is not the red-roofed suburbs of the south and east, but the closely intermingled, smoke-grimed houses and small workshops of the Jewellery Quarter.

BIRMINGHAM'S CIVIC CENTRE : In the heart of an industrial city, writes Claude Muncaster, it is a great relief to suddenly come upon stately white buildings surrounding an open space of green lawns, flower-beds and shady trees. Although as yet uncompleted, the Civic Centre in Birmingham gives this sense. Here, tired city worker, vagrant, tourist, or come who may, can rest and enjoy this very agreeable place. The domed building is the Hall of Memories, an impressive war memorial to the fallen in the two world wars.

Birmingham is therefore something of a "frontier" city, with influences from both sides of the line contributing to its appearance and atmosphere. But it is more than an amalgam of London and Manchester or Sheffield, for added to these external influences are its own special characteristics of unexcelled craftsmanship, determination without dourness, and high civic responsibility. And the result is a city of immense industrial vitality with a flavour which is not quite repeated anywhere else.

That flavour owes little to a long historical development, for Birmingham is mostly a city of recent growth. It was not one of the great medieval centres of England, and it possesses only a few buildings which date from before 1700. Since 1500 it had specialised in the metal-working trades—and made most of the sword blades for Cromwell's army—but it entered the eighteenth century with a population of only 15,000, and little else to give it fame. In that century, however, it acquired many of the hall-marks of urbanity: a newspaper, a theatre, the church which is now its cathedral, and a library. By 1750 it could be described as "superior to most towns for its elegance and regularity, as well as the number and wealth of its inhabitants."

The nineteenth century saw a great expansion of existing trades and a great development of new ones. Gun-making received an early impetus from the Napoleonic Wars, and jewellery, buttons and brass-founding all became of importance. This last trade was a typical wide-ranging Birmingham one, dividing itself into many sections, with products varying from naval equipment to ornate bedsteads, which became famous throughout the world. The jewellery trade, too, produced both the highest quality of work and cheap trinkets which found a popular market. By this process of division and sub-division, by small workshops each developing the production of one or two specialised articles, Birmingham earned itself the title of "the city of a thousand trades," and, in fact, bettered its label by making itself the home of 1,500 different ones.

It would be quite wrong, however, to think of present-day Birmingham as predominantly a place of "back-yard" workshops and small-scale industry. The city's industrial development has been as vigorous in this century as it was in the last, but the emphasis has shifted to big production units and the standardised article. Motor-cars and pedal-cycles, chocolates and electrical equipment are the typical products of the

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ST. PHILIP'S CHURCHYARD, AN OASIS OF QUIET IN THE MIDST OF THE GREAT CITY : The church of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, to give it its full title, was completed in 1909 as a memorial to Cardinal Newman. It was to Birmingham that the great theologian and Churchman returned in the year 1847 from the Continent, after he had been received into the Roman Catholic Church. He settled at Edgbaston, and there founded the congregation of the Oratory. A year or two later Newman established the London Oratory.

THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM AND ITS APPROACHES—A SPECIAL SKETCH-MAP DRAWN FOR "THE SPHERE" BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD : The gun-making centre and the jewellery quarter of the city are clearly defined, as also are some of the chief factories, such as B.S.A. and Fort Dunlop, and the Austin works at Longbridge, beyond the city limits. Birmingham is the largest provincial city in England and the third city of the United Kingdom, ranking second only to London and Glasgow. More than 1,500 trades are carried on within the city.

A STEAM AND HYDRO-ELECTRIC GENERATING PLANT BEING BUILT IN THE HEAVY ENGINEERING WORKS OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY: This picture in many ways typifies Birmingham's importance as a focal-point of heavy industry, although it must not be forgotten that the range of Birmingham's manufactures is from the smallest of pins and wire a hair's-breadth thick to locomotives and mammoth presses. The heavy section of the B.I.F. is always held at Birmingham.

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new Birmingham. The modern factories in which they are produced have sprung up in the past thirty or forty years, largely on the south and east sides of the city, and have been fed partly by the growing indigenous population and partly by the stream of immigrants from the old distressed areas, which flowed to Birmingham, as one of the few places which still enjoyed comparative prosperity, during the '20's and '30's.

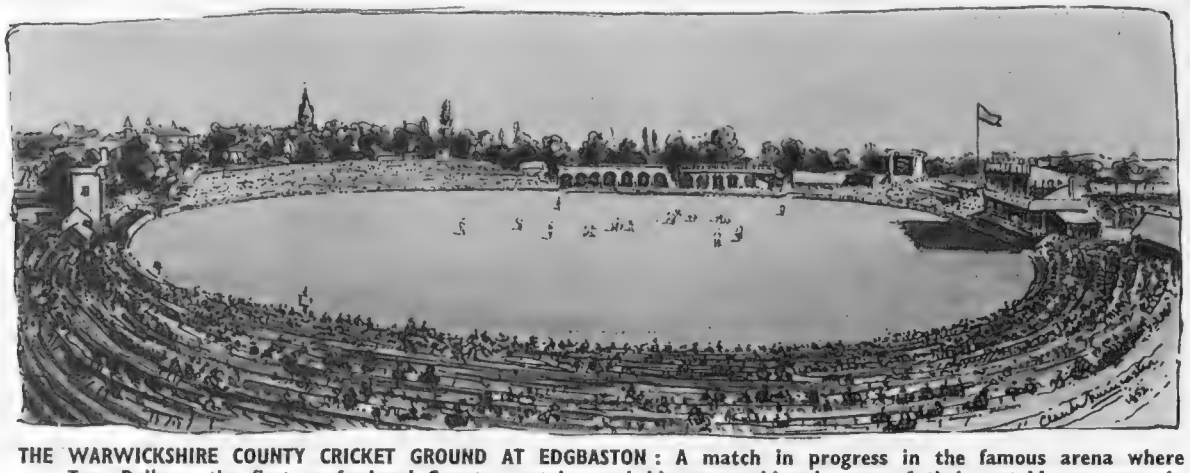
To-day there are 20,000 workers in one motor-car plant alone, and their output in 1951 was seventy-four vehicles for every working hour. They were part of the 80,000 people employed in the city on vehicle manufacture. The same number work in the electrical and engineering industries. The output of pedal-cycles is at the rate of 40,000 a week.

These are the trades which have made the most striking contribution to Britain's post-war export drive, and they are the trades, too, which are most easily convertible to armament work and have to bear the brunt of any defence programme. They did so between 1939 and 1945, and they are doing so again, on a smaller scale, at the present time. Rearmament means for Birmingham and the Midlands an extra strain on its already scarce labour and resources; but without the contribution of this area the nation's effort could hardly be mounted at all.

The industrial growth of Birmingham in the past 100 years has led to a continual overspilling of population outside the city boundaries, and to consequent extensions of the city area to take in the overspill. To-day the area amounts to 89 sq. miles, and the population is more than 1,100,000. The local government of the city is therefore an immense task. It is the largest "single-tier" unit in the United Kingdom, for in London, of course, responsibility is shared between the County Council and the Metropolitan Boroughs.

Fortunately, there is a good, if comparatively brief, tradition to help in the carrying of this responsibility. Birmingham was incorporated as a borough in 1838, but its management of its own affairs showed no special merit for the next three decades. "The Borough of Birmingham is not so healthy as it may be," wrote a Government inspector in 1849, "on account of unpaved streets, confined courts, open middens and cesspools and stagnant ditches." The election of Joseph Chamberlain to the Council in 1869 marked a new approach. Municipal gas and water enterprises were set up, a great new central thoroughfare was driven through a slum area, and the general standard of civic services was vastly improved. Birmingham became an example in these respects to most other towns in the kingdom; and while there have been lapses from the high standards which were then set, something of the tradition of Chamberlain's early days has always lingered on, and has been reinforced by new forms of municipal pride.

Birmingham cannot be adequately described in terms of industrial categories and local government units. It is also the home of more than 1,100,000 people. Where do they live, in what types of district and in what sorts of houses? The first answer is that they live over a very wide area. Birmingham is big on the ground in relation to its population. Its people do not like flats; and, although there are one or two rather expensive pre-war blocks in the western parts of the city and the vast steel skeletons of some municipal structures in old slum areas which have recently been cleared, this



THE WARWICKSHIRE COUNTY CRICKET GROUND AT EDGBASTON: A match in progress in the famous arena where Tom Dollery—the first professional County captain—and his men achieved some of their notable successes in 1951. A county ground in an industrial city usually means big gate-money throughout the season.

VICTORIA SQUARE, A BUSY HUB OF BIRMINGHAM'S TRAFFIC: motorist, provides him with much satisfaction when once is written the name of the architect—Joseph Hansom.

THE B.S.A. RIFLE MANUFACTURING SHOP AT SHIRLEY : B.S.A., in its original form, consisted of a body of skilled craftsmen who worked in their own homes. These skilled craftsmen in arms manufacture would at first have nothing to do with the new and complicated machines, but when the British Government took on the Royal Enfield Arsenal and installed machines, competition in output became so great that the Birmingham men banded together as the Birmingham Small Arms group.

This is a well-laid-out Square, with an ingenious one-way traffic scheme which, though a headache at first to the visiting once he knows it. On the left is shown the Town Hall, and on the wall at the foot of this building is a plaque on which This man was the designer of the hansom cab. The building on the north-west corner of the Square is the Council House.

preference for houses and gardens has mostly triumphed. As a result, the built-up area spreads ever outwards, and the price of a steadily receding countryside has, of course, to be paid. It is six or seven miles from the centre to the city boundary in most directions, and there is now a fringe of dormitory towns, like Solihull and Sutton Coldfield, beyond.

Within this area there is the widest variety of residential district. The part around Old Square, where the town houses of the eighteenth century stood, has been almost completely submerged by a department store and other modern buildings, although a few of these houses survive as lawyers' and accountants' offices. It was replaced in the first half of the nineteenth century by Edgbaston, a mile or so to the west, which still retains much of its original character. Its spacious layout, its pleasant old stuccoed family houses, some of them of the Regency period, some of them a little later, its large gardens, its general appearance of well-treed greenness, and its nearness to the hub of Birmingham all combine to make it the most urbane residential district which is to be found in provincial England.

Many of its houses are ceasing to be privately inhabited and are becoming the offices of an insurance company, a public board or some other institution. Partly, no doubt, this is due to the difficulty of keeping them up under present conditions. But partly, also, is it due to the modern passion for living on the farthest edge of big provincial cities. And the newer suburbs which are replacing Edgbaston in the favour of well-to-do Birmingham people have little of the character of the district they have replaced. An attractive old church and inn in the centre of what was formerly a country village, but spreading out from them the semi-detached villas and disparate architectural styles of inter-war building, is the common pattern.

But most of Birmingham lives neither in Edgbaston nor in the newer middle-class suburbs. It lives in the small century-old "back-to-back" houses of the inner ring, or in the somewhat more modern and less inadequate, but still drably unattractive, "tunnel-back" houses of the middle ring, or in the large municipal estates beyond, which grew up between 1918 and 1939 and have been greatly extended since 1945. The "back-to-backs"—there are still nearly 30,000 of them in the city out of a total of approximately 280,000 houses of all sorts—normally face a small brick-paved courtyard on the one side and on the other a narrow street or another courtyard. The entrance to the courts is often through a confined arched passageway, and the houses are, of course, sadly lacking in almost all the amenities of life : 6,000 of them have no separate water supply, and depend upon stand-pipes in

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THE CLOCK-TOWER AT THE CORNER OF VYSE STREET, IN THE CENTRE OF THE JEWELLERS' QUARTER OF BIRMINGHAM: This quarter, possibly not larger than half a square mile, and only ten minutes walk from the city centre, has a very distinct atmosphere of its own. The houses are small, and are typical of the private dwellings combined with workshops which accommodate the craftsmen for which Birmingham is so famous.

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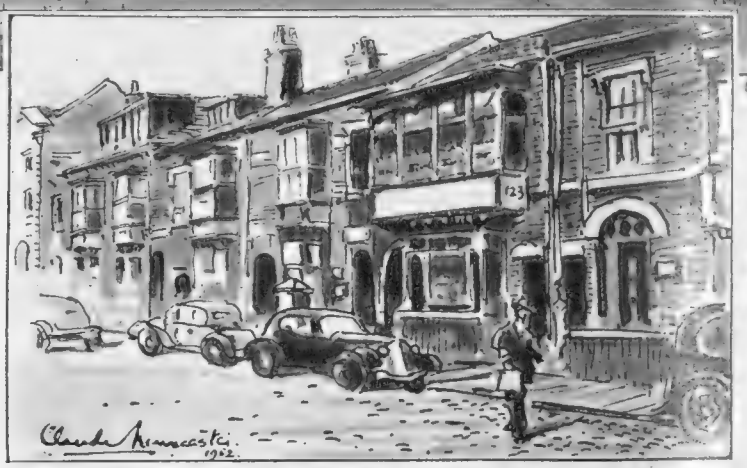
the middle of the courts. The late Victorian and Edwardian "tunnel-backs," with their downstairs bay windows at the front and their long gables—one to every two houses—jutting out at the back, are much bigger, although still mostly not big enough to include a bathroom. They extend without a break down either side of the long streets of Sparkbrook, Saltley and Washwood Heath, often rising and falling with the lie of the ground—for Birmingham is far from flat—like giant caterpillars.

Between the wars the Birmingham City Council built 52,000 municipal houses, and since 1945 approximately another 15,000 have been added to this number. The city is therefore ringed by an uneven succession of these great Council estates. The houses are not always very imaginatively designed, and sometimes the lay-out of the estates is equally uninspired. But the houses, mostly semi-detached, are thin on the ground, and that in itself is a great improvement on the inner and middle rings. There are always gardens, both at the back and the front, and sometimes, in the newer estates, the best town-planning standards are observed.

The landscape of Birmingham is to a large extent dominated by its houses and factories. But not entirely. For with a different shape to the ground the same collection of buildings could form themselves into entirely different vistas. And the shape of the ground in Birmingham is very characteristic. The centre of the city, especially when approached from the south or east, is like a citadel. The hill on which it stands is not high, but the slope is sharp, and its effect is accentuated by the fact that the buildings at the top are much taller than those at the bottom.



TYPICAL SHOP-FRONTS IN VYSE STREET: Jewellers' plates abound in such numbers that it must be quite difficult for a newcomer to find the firm he seeks. The street is narrow and cars are parked on each side, with no space between, and cars are somehow manœuvred into many of the tiny forecourts which abound in the neighbourhood. Vyse Street is still paved with "sets."

From this central stump the ground falls away for a mile or so before rising to the next ring of small hills, and it is crossing this broad groove on a raised railway embankment that the best views of inner Birmingham are to be seen. The general impression is of a wide area of dark little houses and innumerable railway sidings, interspersed with factory chimneys, large gasometers and surprisingly numerous church steeples, with away to the west a distant sight of the trees of Edgbaston. The trees apart, however, the view is not entirely drab, for the bricks of which the houses and factories are built, although thickly smoke-grimed on the outside, are a warm red colour within. And where bomb damage has exposed them to sight they give to the whole scene, especially on a summer evening, something of a crimson glow, which is strange and almost beautiful.

Outside the inner saucer the ground is formed into mild slopes leading up to, or down from, an almost endless succession of low ridges. It is a continual surprise to reach one ridge after another and to realise that there is still built-up Birmingham beyond. This is the region of the monster pubs—all the local brewers built fast and built big in the '30's—the wide ring roads, often double-tracked, and the innumerable "roundabouts," which are the dominant features of the outer suburbs. Birmingham, treating its principal product, the motor-car, so badly in the cobbled streets, congestion and confused layout of the centre, has tried to compensate for these sins in its more recent development.

What are the characteristics of the people who live scattered over the wide area of Birmingham, in such

REGENCY HOUSES IN EDGBASTON: It is a pleasant surprise to come across these Regency houses in Hagley Road and its immediate environs. Although not easily seen without making some endeavour to glimpse behind beech and chestnut, the effort well repays whoever may find interest in these relics of the prosperous and leisurely age of Birmingham's Victorian industrialists.

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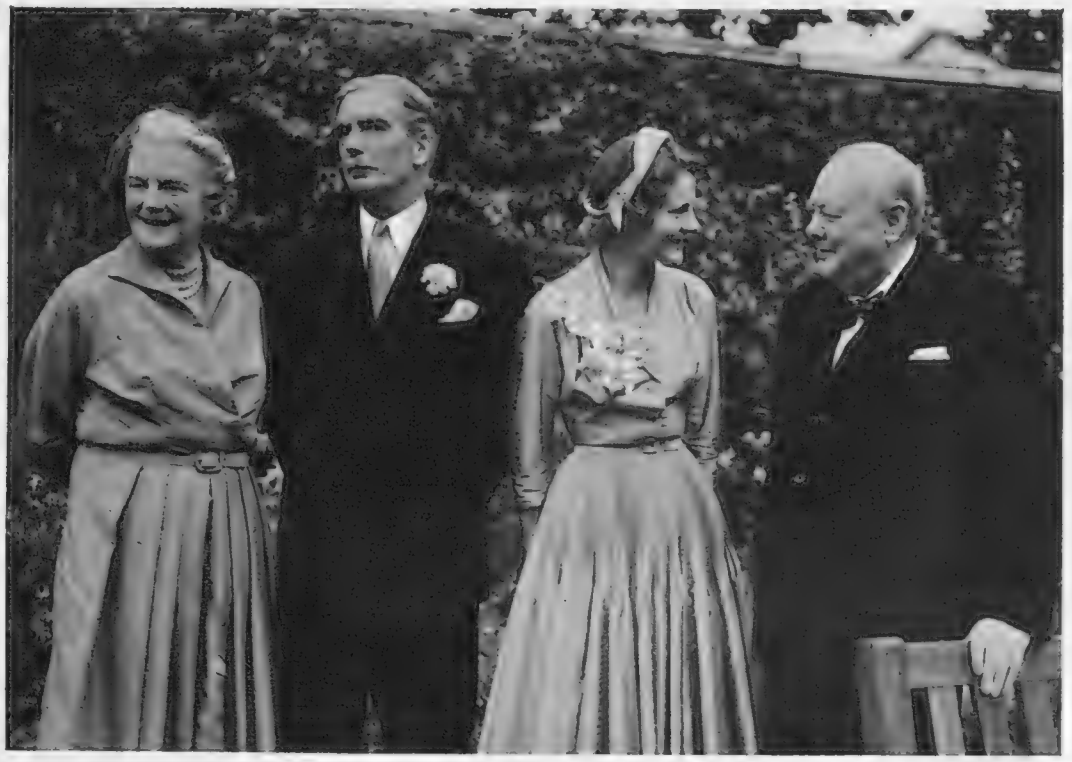
ANTHONY EDEN WEDS WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NIECE

Big Crowds at Caxton Hall and in Downing Street for the Foreign Secretary's Wedding

MOUNTED POLICE CONTROL THE CROWDS OUTSIDE CAXTON HALL: More than 2,000 people gathered near the hall to see Mr. Eden and his bride, Miss Clarissa Spencer Churchill, niece of the Prime Minister. They were married by the Superintendent Registrar, the ceremony lasting seven minutes, and afterwards drove to 10, Downing Street.

MR. AND MRS. CHURCHILL OUTSIDE NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: They were leaving for Caxton Hall for the wedding of Mr. Churchill's niece, Miss Clarissa Spencer Churchill, to the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Eden. Mr. Churchill was one of the two witnesses at the wedding. The bride is the daughter of the late Major John Spencer Churchill, a younger brother of the Prime Minister, and the late Lady Gwendeline Spencer Churchill. The wedding was the subject of some adverse comment in *The Church Times*, in which reference was made to the question of re-marriage in the lifetime of a divorced partner.

THE NEWLY-WEDS EMERGE FROM CAXTON HALL: Mr. Eden and bride after their marriage. They are seen receiving the congratulations of Mrs. Jane Delew, of Stepney Green, who was first on the scene at Caxton Hall. She gave the bride a lucky horseshoe.



IN THE GROUNDS OF NO. 10 AFTER THE WEDDING: The bride and bridegroom with Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill at the reception. The bride wore an orchid pink shantung dress with Sunray pleats.

THEY WAITED TO SEE THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: *Left*—The crowd in Downing Street. *Right*—The crowd at Caxton Hall, with photographers massed in the doorway. So great was the throng outside the Register Office that the police had to link arms to keep the people back. Some women were crushed and screamed as the police fought to prevent a break-through. There were also scenes of enthusiasm in Downing Street when Mr. Eden and his bride drove off at the start of their honeymoon.

SCOTSMEN AND ENGLISHMEN MEET AGAIN AT FLODDEN FIELD: Viscount Lambton, M.P. for Berwick-on-Tweed, is seen speaking into the microphone at a service of remembrance held at Flodden to commemorate the great battle of 1513, when the English defeated the Scots. Flodden is a ridge of the Cheviots on the English side of the border, three miles from Coldstream and near the village of Branston. A monument, which is known as the King's Stone, marks the spot where King James IV, bravely defended by his Scottish nobles, is supposed to have been killed during the battle.

THE TWELFTH—A SCENE ON A YORKSHIRE MOOR ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE GROUSE SEASON: This picture was taken on the moor at the head of Nidderdale, lying to the north of Pateley Bridge. The season opened well, the birds being comparatively plentiful.

RIDING OUT FROM COLDSTREAM, BERWICK, FOR THE REMEMBRANCE SERVICE ON FLODDEN FIELD: The cavalcade of Scotsmen and Englishmen is led by Councillor Alan Lishman, of Sunderland, who organised the day's ceremonies.

HOME NEWS

The Opening of the Grouse Season; Commemorating the Battle of Flodden; a Relic of Whitehall Palace; Cricket by Floodlight; a Four-in-hand Coach

THE EARL OF DALKEITH LEADING A PARTY AT THE OPENING OF THE GROUSE SEASON ON THE BLACK HILL, WANLOCKHEAD MOOR, DUMFRIESSHIRE: With the Earl are, from left to right, Professor D. M. Dunlop, of Edinburgh, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, and Mr. Dennis Daly, who is a nephew of the Duchess of Buccleuch.

A "SECRET" PAINTING IS DISCOVERED IN WINSHAM PARISH CHURCH, SOMERSET: This representation of the Crucifixion was painted on the tympanum of the church in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and has been hidden from sight under a coat of whitewash since the Reformation days, when an objection was made to pictures of this kind as being "Pope-ish." The tympanum was discovered in 1876 when the church was restored, and was found to have been used as the back wall of the ringing chamber. It was then removed to its present position on the north wall of the tower. The restoration has been carried out as a memorial to the late Rev. F. D. Richardson by Mr. E. Clive Rouse, a well-known medieval archæologist.

A RELIC OF OLD WHITEHALL PALACE REVEALED: This photograph shows part of the curved stairway leading downwards from what is now the Embankment forecourt of the new range of Government buildings, to what was the river-level at low tide. Excavations have also revealed part of a stone terrace, some perpendicular ashlar walling, and the bases of some gateway pillars. This is only a beginning of an extensive excavation under the direction of the Ancient Monuments Inspectorate of the Ministry of Works. It is intended to uncover the whole of the terrace and incorporate it in the new Embankment garden, which will extend the length of the new block of Government buildings. Other remains of the palace probably lie to the south.

HIGHCLIFFE CASTLE IS FOR SALE AGAIN: A general view of Highcliffe Castle, which overlooks Christchurch Bay, in Hampshire. The Castle was once the country seat of the Earl and Countess of Abingdon, and has been a children's home. Now it is up for sale again. It was originally built by the Bourbons in Normandy and was moved to its present site by Lord Stuart de Rothsay in 1825.

MIDDLESEX PLAY ARSENAL AT CRICKET—THE FIRST FLOODLIT CRICKET MATCH TO BE PLAYED IN ENGLAND: Middlesex's opening batsman, J. D. Robertson, hits a ball to leg at Highbury Stadium. The occasion was the benefit match for Jack Young, the Middlesex bowler, and a crowd of over 6,500 attended. It was Jack Young who made the winning hit for Middlesex, who scored 237 against Arsenal's 189. Although the levity which permeated the match—Jack Young wore a miner's helmet with a lamp attached—might have shocked the more serious devotees of cricket, all the players agreed that the white ball could clearly be seen "on to and off the bat."

THREE HOUSES IN GREENWICH ARE FOUND TO DATE BACK TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: The three houses (*shown on right*) are in Park Vista and opposite St. Alphage Vicarage (*left*). **Architects and historians have discovered that the three houses were originally one timber-framed building dating back to the seventeenth century or even earlier.** The building is of special interest because it is near to the remains of "Placentia," or the "Pleasaunce," a Palace built in 1433 for Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, which afterwards became a favourite residence of the Tudor Sovereigns. The vicarage of St. Alphage's Church bears on its wall a coat of arms. This wall, which is shown above, was formerly part of the tilt-yard of the Palace.

THE FAMOUS RED ROVER COACH RETURNS TO THE LONDON-SOUTHAMPTON ROAD: The coach is seen arriving at the Wheatsheaf Inn, at Esher, Surrey, on the first lap of a journey—its first for over 100 years—to Southampton. Mr. Sanders Watney, of the famous brewers, arranged the trip in co-operation with the Coaching Club, in order to revive the spirit of the old coaching days.

THE POST-HORN ECHOES THROUGH RICHMOND PARK AS THE RED ROVER PASSES ON ITS WAY TO SOUTHAMPTON: Mr. Watney drove the four-in-hand on the first lap of the journey from London.

CHANGING HORSES AT THE WHEATSHEAF INN, ESHER: Altogether nine teams of horses were used to cover the 85 miles to Southampton.

THE RED ROVER'S COACHMEN AND PASSENGERS AT BREAKFAST OUTSIDE THE WHEATSHEAF INN, AT ESHER: A number of famous coaching figures took the reins during the course of the journey.

Over 100 years ago, Mr. Robert Gray ran the Red Rover coach daily between London and Southampton from the Bolt in Tun, Fleet Street. During the coaching revival which took place in the late nineteenth century this particular route was not used again, but the present owners of the Red Rover, Messrs. Watney Combe Reid and Company, Ltd., have revived the spirit of the road by running the coach on two journeys to Southampton and back, each round trip taking twenty-four hours.

The idea was made possible by the help of members of the Coaching Club and owners of teams who consented to lend them. Altogether nine teams were involved, eight changes of horses taking place at inns along the route. Team owners drove on the stages of the journey they horsed and members of the Coaching Club, including Sir Dymoke White, the Vice-President, took part.

The journeys started at the Stag Brewery, in Victoria, London, the old Bolt in Tun being no longer in existence. Changes were made at the Bull, East Sheen; the Wheatsheaf, Esher; the Jovial Sailor, Ripley; the Anchor, Normandy; the Marlborough Head, Farnham; the Swan, Alton; the Bell, Alresford, and at the end of the by-pass at Compton.

THE WAY OF THE GROUSE

In an Age when the Costs of Cartridges, Petrol and Ponies Make the Pursuit of this Bird on the Wing a Costly Business Indeed

By JOHN GORE

THE "great days" of grouse-driving no doubt ended with the Second World War. About that time there came an unusually long series of lean years in the Highlands, when the grouse seemed to have vanished from famous moors long regarded as regularly safe for big bags, subject to normal rise and fall.

A seven-year cycle from apex to nadir had come to be expected. This post-war nadir lasted abnormally longer. But it is not the fault of the grouse that the great days are over. The grouse are returning to their favourite haunts, and the many and various explanations of their decline (from sheep tick to lack of keepering and drainage) have been filed and forgotten. It is an economic problem now.

To deal adequately with the grouse stock on a large moor in a bumper year always was a big and expensive undertaking, requiring a lot of planning by experts. For many weeks on end, if the moor was not to be left overstocked, to breed disease and invite migration, 1,000 brace a week might well be required to be killed. Such a programme needed a team of trained flankers, an army of regular beaters, forty or more, who must be bedded and boarded at some perhaps lonely lodge, a dozen or more ponies for pannier and saddle, dogs, loaders, cooks, housemaids, menservants, fleets of cars and a system of catering and transport to and from some perhaps far-distant market town, which called for a long pause and high organising ability. For the horde of beaters usually demanded week-end leave and transport accordingly, and the guest-guns came and went.

Such an organisation to-day is generally impossible. The lodges are often in decay or in a bad state, food rationing and shortage makes the catering problem practically impossible, the beaters are not to be had, or tempted, even at prohibitive wages, and local schoolchildren who are poor substitutes, usually return to school before the trouble is well begun.

Again, the costs of cartridges, petrol and ponies have soared. 6,000 brace of grouse (and oddments in hares and rabbits) are not shot even by first-class guns for an expenditure of fewer than 40,000 cartridges. Bang goes £1,000 on that item alone to-day, and cartridges are in short supply. And four gallons of petrol leave not much change out of a sovereign and don't go far with a continual *va et vient* between a lonely lodge and a market town or railway station. In short, even our native millionaires, if any, cannot afford, let alone achieve, the pre-war minimum organisation.

As a rule, these big moors are let for the earlier weeks, the tenant and his guests live in hotels in the nearest town and motor over for each day's shooting, the lodges are abandoned to decay, and the head keeper of the moor collects, whence he may, a "ragged regiment" of all ages drawn from local schoolchildren, estate foresters, and casuals, male or female.

Under these conditions, it is quite certain that a really bumper year (such as was 1915 or 1922) would leave a big moor dangerously overstocked and vulnerable to disease.

It is accordingly interesting to speculate on what happened in the past, when bumper years must in regular cycles have overstocked many moors in days when shooting over dogs might produce no more than 50 brace a day—and that reckoned a record or very heavy bag.

It is not easy to identify the first exponent of the technique of driving as opposed to walking-up grouse. The idea is claimed for Yorkshire and not for Scotland, and Mr. Spencer Stanhope was certainly an early pioneer. In his youth, his father's keeper would at the end of a day's walking, organise a scratch drive or two, of course without butts or "batteries" as they were first called.

The guns made use of any cover, such as whin bushes, or sand pits or peat-hags. That would have been in the 1830's and early '40's. The idea caught on quickly, the cracks enjoyed it and began to insist on it, and lines of "batteries" were built. It was soon decided that the new form, by killing off the old birds which led the packs, improved and increased the stocks. On a day on Barnsley Moors in August 1849, a driving day produced a record of 224 brace.

Walsingham and Payne Gallwey, writing in 1886, name George Sykes, Mr. Savile's keeper, as the originator at the famous High Force Moor, and they add the surprising opinion that as late as the mid-eighties the Highlands, and Scotland generally, lagged far behind Yorkshire in understanding the new technique. I doubt if this view is borne out by still existing records of many Highland moors.

At Drynachan Lodge on the famous Cawdor Moors there are wall-drawings by famous artists depicting drives in action long before 1886, back in the '70's; and this evidence is confirmed in early game books and other records graven in poker-work on the shutters of the older rooms in the lodge.

What is quite certain is that whoever originated the idea (and wherever), he builded better than he knew. His casual and bright idea caught on and captured first England and then America (and even France) and created for the "depressed" Highlands a major industry which benefited many beside the lairds, bringing in a vast amount of money and making those lonely Highlands the Mecca of sportsmen and the toast of the Millionaires' Clubs in New York.

And that satisfactory state of affairs would be continuing this day *con amore* but for the last world war, and the economic blizzards which still to-day slow down to a crawl the rich man's progress to his pleasures and that ease of swift communication and smooth service and organisation and command of man-power by which alone the full sweets of a £4,000-a-year moor can be enjoyed. Perhaps it is true that driving, by taking early toll of the old birds, did indeed vastly increase the stocks which moors could hold. Draining and intensified keepering, which resulted from the new craze and the money it brought in, certainly continued the good work, and it may be that as a result of the war, these increases and improvements are already cancelled out and never again will such bumper years as 1915 and 1922 recur with their now insoluble problems.

If so, perhaps it is for the best. I have tasted its keenest thrills in its heyday often enough, thanks to the generosity of Highland hosts and American tenants. And when I was younger, my passion for it never cooled. To-day the dilemma of advancing age has me on its horns. I cannot walk, I cannot keep up with a line of guns. Even riding a heavy hill-pony to the butts is a too tiring and stiffening process.

It must be in a butt or nowhere that I shoot them. But, sad to say, the eyes grow old with the limbs, and the long, long waits in a butt, straining to watch for the tiny smudges of coveys on the wing, are apt to become wearisome, even if when at last the burning minutes break, the technique of killing them cleanly is found to be not forgotten.

To watch in their heydays men like Rimington Wilson, the late Lord Lovat or Sir Harry Stonor doing the job in a grouse butt on a famous moor was an experience not easily forgotten. First of all, it was humane shooting. A few neck feathers floated in the air as each bird came down stone dead, the first two taken far out in front, the next two in killing range behind. The experience taught a lesson also, that this difficult art could not be attained to perfection but after many years of constant practice and the burning of hundreds of thousands of cartridges. There are fine shots among young men to-day, but their opportunities for reaching perfection are reduced. Surviving cracks in their seventies may still compete with the younger if the drives are short, the lines of butts near to roads, and the moor reasonably flat and pathed. But these ideal conditions can seldom be found, and if found, are not conducive to the thinning of the stock a bumper year demands.

THE TWELFTH IN SCOTLAND: Members of Mr. Tom Burrell's shoot at Lochan, near Amulree, making their way up the hill before the start of the first day's sport. Although rain spoiled the opening day of the season, in many parts of Scotland, it was noted that bags were generally good. Guns opened up in Ayrshire and Stirlingshire before 5 a.m., and as a result grouse was on the lunch menu in Glasgow hotels after being rushed from the butts by car. Many birds were sent to London on the Twelfth, and arrangements were also made to send consignments to New York.

33½ BRACE WITH FOUR GUNS WERE THE SPOILS OF THE FIRST DAY OF GROUSE-SHOOTING FOR MEMBERS OF THIS HOUSE-PARTY AT BALNAKEILLY, PITLOCHRY: The host and hostess were Major and Mrs. Greville-Stevens Stewart and their guests included the Earl and Countess of Mansfield and their daughter, Lady Malvina Murray, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Heriot-Maitland, Mrs. Eric Penn and her two children, David and Christopher, and Mr. Blair Stewart-Wilson.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SPEAKING DURING "THE CEREMONY OF WELCOME" AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA AT EDINBURGH CASTLE ON SUNDAY: A great assembly of Ambassadors, High Commissioners, Lord Provosts, City dignitaries and some 7,000 visitors were on the Castle Esplanade to hear the Duke's address. "The whole country, and indeed a good part of the world," said the Duke, "has watched with admiration the way this Festival has gone from strength to strength in the past six years."

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL BEGINS

The Sixth International Festival of Music and Drama Opened by the Duke of Edinburgh

IE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WALKING IN PROCESSION FROM ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL TO THE OPENING OF THE FESTIVAL: With him is Mr. James Miller, the Lord Provost. Preceding them, on the right, is Sir Thomas Innes, Lord Lyon King of Arms.

THE ROYAL VISITOR AT THE EDINBURGH HORSE SHOW LAST SATURDAY: The Duke of Edinburgh, wearing a bowler hat, is seen with the Earl of Dalkeith and his fiancée, Miss Jane McNeil. The Duke presented awards and stayed for two hours.

THE ESPLANADE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE DURING THE OPENING CEREMONY: Four bands occupied the centre of the Esplanade. They were the kilted regimental band of the Scots Guards, the United States Army Field Band, in blue uniforms, the Royal Netherlands Grenadier Military Band and the band of the French Mounted Republican Guard. At the end of the Ceremony of Welcome the flags of the nations were unfurled.

THE STARTING-POINT OF THE GREENLAND AIRLIFT IN YOUNG SOUND, EAST GREENLAND : In the middle distance, against the majestic background of the coastal range, lie three of the five Sunderland aircraft which are now engaged in a shuttle service between Young Sound and the newly-discovered Britannia Lake in Queen Louise Land. It is the task of the Sunderlands to ferry 150 tons of stores from Young Sound to the lake, where the British North Greenland Expedition is now establishing its main base preparatory to exploration of the Greenland Ice-cap. This airlift is very much a race against time, as all the stores have to reach Britannia Lake by the end of August, when the brief Arctic summer is over and the ice returns to the lake. The British North Greenland Expedition is to continue for about two years. The outward voyage to Young Sound was made in the Norwegian sealer *Tottan*.

OPERATING THE GREAT GREENLAND AIRLIFT

Transporting 150 Tons of Equipment Inland from Young Sound at the Start of the British North Greenland Expedition

STORES FOR THE AIRLIFT ARE TAKEN FROM THE YOUNG SOUND DEPOT AND PUT ABOARD A LIGHTER TO BE FERRIED OUT TO ONE OF THE SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOATS : The Sunderlands flew in from Pembroke Dock at the beginning of August, and on August 5, the day before the airlift was to start, fog was rolling up the sound and danger was reported from icebergs. Eventually, the task of moving the mountain of supplies at Young Sound began on August 7.

A SUMMER DAY IN THE CAMP AT YOUNG SOUND: F twenty-five members of the expedition, and ere and on several occasions these were seen to h

THE STORES OF THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION PILE UP IN THE SHADOW OF ONE OF GREENLAND'S NOT-SO-ICY MOUNTAINS : A great array of equipment at Young Sound awaiting transport by Sunderland airlift to the expedition's main base at Britannia Lake. The various crates include everything to sustain life amid the Arctic wastes, not omitting Christmas dinners for the twenty-five members of the expedition. The essence of the expedition's plan in North Greenland is that as soon as the airlift is complete and the base on Britannia Lake is established, a party consisting of six men and three dog sledges shall set off across the ice-cap. They will journey 250 miles and attempt at a given time to reach a given place (78 deg. N. 0.60 deg. W.). As soon as they are in position the R.A.F. will be informed by radio, and two Hastings aircraft will then fly from Britain to locate them, at first dropping supplies of food and later supplying a hut, radio apparatus and other stores enabling the men to remain on the ice-cap at a height of 9,000 ft. for a considerable period. The stores will not all be dropped by parachute, a new free dropping technique being contemplated.

AS FINAL PREPARATIONS WERE MADE FOR THE START OF THE AIRLIFT : Forty aircrew and twenty servicing crew were accommodated in this camp, together with the ere they remained together in the first days of August preparing for the airlift. It was an anxious time, because icebergs are in the habit of drifting into Young Sound, e heading at alarming speed towards the Sunderland flying-boat moorings. Sometimes very swift manœuvring was essential to keep the bergs and the Sunderlands apart.

HOLIDAY BEHAVIOUR COULD BE BETTER

The Bank Holiday Observers Saw Many Incidents which Might Have Led to Serious Accidents

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

IT was a charming idea of Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, to invite us round to his home in Chapel Street, S.W.1, to tell us about the National Road Safety Week.

Press conferences are usually very dull affairs. The one with which Mr. Lennox-Boyd launched his Road Safety Week was very different.

In the garden behind his house—an oasis in the tarmac desert that is London—we sipped sherry in the open air under the trees as Mr. Gurney Braithwaite, the Parliamentary Secretary, told us about the plans the Minister and he had concocted to keep death off the road during August Bank Holiday week.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the week's campaign was the sortie from London to Brighton made on Bank Holiday Monday by a team of official observers, who later gave a report on the behaviour of the various classes of road-users.

The team included two M.P.s, one from each side of the House: Mr. Harmar Nicholls, Conservative M.P. for Peterborough, and Mr. Peter Freeman, Labour M.P. for Newport. Their companions included Major-General B. K. Young, Director-General of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, a chief inspector for the Metropolitan Police and Transport Ministry experts.

They drove down to Brighton at the height of the traffic flood. They saw no flagrant examples (they said later) of bad or reckless road conduct, but there were many incidents which might have led to serious accidents.

There were many cases of drivers stopping their vehicles in dangerous places, particularly on bends or on the brows of hills opposite a solid white line. They also saw more than one driver paying more attention to his lady passenger than to the road ahead.

The rear windows of a number of cars were obscured by luggage and the team saw a particularly bad example of a driver reversing from a side turning into a main road in the face of fast-moving traffic, contrary to the Highway Code.

There was a tendency for motor-cyclists to overtake when there was insufficient room to do so safely and on several occasions pedal-cyclists were seen riding three abreast. Not a very terrible indictment, this, of our Bank Holiday road manners on the Brighton road. Yet each of the points listed by the team should be carefully borne in mind all the time by every one of us.

In spite of all the Safety Week propaganda, eight more people were killed in the first five days of the campaign than in the corresponding period last year: 76, compared with 68. The number of people injured was 3,593—a drop of 199 on last year.

It is easy to say that these figures suggest the week's campaign was wasted. Of course it wasn't. Who knows how many homes would have been bereaved if the Transport Minister had not launched his "Please drive safely" plea.

It was in connection with this National Road Safety Week that I went along the other day to the Metropolitan Police driving school at Hendon. This is where all London's police drivers are trained—most of them from the novice stage—for all kinds of duties: on motor-cycles, in ordinary patrol cars, for the "999" flying squads, and so on.

It was a most impressive experience to go around some of the classrooms while lessons were being given in a wide variety of subjects, ranging from the Highway Code to a car's ignition system; from gear-changing techniques to bandit-chasing. Thoroughness is the keynote of the curriculum at Hendon. It is a model that has been copied by police forces the world over.

One of the school's cardinal slogans is "Accidents don't just happen—they are *caused*." Pupils are held responsible for *all* accidents. "What if a pedestrian steps off the road in front of the car?" I queried. "That is a contingency that must always be guarded against," I was told.

I went out in a 2½-litre Riley with one of the sergeant-instructors and I was particularly struck by two things: the extensive use he made of his lower gears and the training technique which calls on a trainee to give a running commentary as he drives along with his instructor by his side.

"The average motorist makes too little use of his gears," I was told. "To have proper control of your car you must always be in the right gear both for its braking effect and to enable you to accelerate out of danger in an emergency." I noticed the sergeant changed down into second gear at every roundabout we encountered. Nine motorists out of ten, I should say, drop down only into third.

The running commentary is an excellent idea for impressing on a pupil the need for unflagging concentration. It also serves to show if a trainee has a good or bad road sense, and whether or not his reactions are sufficiently well developed.

During my visit to Hendon I had a long talk on driving and road safety problems with Deputy-Commander D. B. Deller, who is responsible for all Metropolitan Police transport (including the Hendon Driving School), and Chief Superintendent W. Taylor, the school's senior instructor. They revealed a deep understanding of the motorist's problems and emphasised that they are out to help drivers all they can and not to persecute them, as many people seem to think.

"If only the average motorist would concentrate more and learn to keep calm even when exasperated by the bad behaviour of other road-users, we should halve the accident rate overnight," said Mr. Deller.

I asked Mr. Taylor if he thought pedestrians could make a more positive contribution to road safety than motorists. "No," he replied. "It is the motorist who is handling a potentially lethal weapon and the main responsibility is his.

"Incidentally," he added, "I think drivers are the worst pedestrians. Many motorists, bus drivers and motor-cyclists seem to regard themselves as superior beings when on foot and take liberties of a kind they would be the first to condemn if other pedestrians offended in that way."

I came away from Hendon feeling that we can all be proud of our mobile police. I also felt very humble about the quality of my own driving. It was the sort of guilty feeling one often gets—usually for no reason at all—while passing through a Customs shed. But you should have seen the smashing signals I gave on my way back to London!

The *Daily Mail's* Festival of Motor Sport at Boreham, near Chelmsford, passed off very successfully, in spite of bad weather, and this fast three-miles circuit is now definitely established as one of Britain's leading motor-racing tracks.

The car race meeting at Boreham on August Bank Holiday produced a race as exciting as anything we have seen in British motor sport since the war. I refer to the main event—a 200-miles affair, in which Formula 1 and Formula 2 cars were all mixed up together. They were, however, racing for two different lots of prize money.

Rain, which fell heavily during this race, prevented Luigi Villoresi and the drivers of the other 4½-litre Ferraris from using maximum power. They were afflicted by wheel-spin to such an extent that young Mike Hawthorn, driving a 2-litre Bristol-engined Cooper which develops only a quarter of the Ferrari's power, was able to come up through the field and pass Villoresi to take the lead—way out in front of all the Formula 1 cars.

How the crowd cheered! It was a wonderful spectacle, for the twenty-three-year-old Farnham man was driving with great dash and skill. When the rain eased off and the track dried out a bit, it was not surprising that Villoresi overtook the Cooper, which had been in the lead for twenty-three glorious laps. Hawthorn's engine was beginning to fail at the end of the race, but at no time did there seem any doubt about his winning the £500 first prize in the Formula 2 race, just as Villoresi—after he had disposed of the Cooper menace—romped away with the £500 Formula 1 prize.

I was glad to see Stirling Moss get third place with the new Bristol-engined E.R.A. in the Formula 2 race. It failed in its two earlier races, but Leslie Johnson's boys now seem to have got it working properly. Stirling was going much faster, at the end of the race, than in the early stages. Over a ginger-ale at the County Hotel, Chelmsford, after the race—Stirling is still rigidly teetotal—I asked him why.

"It was sheer carelessness," he told me. "I just couldn't see where I was going during the early laps. And do you know why? I kept wiping the outside of my visor, but forgot to clean the *inside*!"

It's surprising how many miles you can get out of a gallon of petrol if you give your mind to it. Take the case of Gordon Wilkins, who writes for *The Autocar*. He went in for the *News Chronicle* fuel economy rally with a 1½-litre Jowett Javelin saloon and won first prize with a consumption of 67·86 miles per gallon.

He did 828 miles on just over 12 gallons of fuel while maintaining an average speed of 29 m.p.h. for about thirty-two hours. How did he do it?

There's no secret. He used special ultra-thin oils in the engine, gearbox and back axle to cut friction to a minimum, he balanced and aligned his wheels with great care, adjusted his braking to give maximum efficiency, and saw to it that his tyre-pressure was just right.

On the road he kept the engine turning over at its most economical speed, and whenever the gradient permitted he or his co-driver—Alan Lamburn, a London engineer—switched off the engine and let the Javelin coast along.

To round off my notes this week here are two choice items culled from the technical Press:

(1) In addition to the white tyre "walls" which have proved so popular in the U.S., coloured ones are now available in a variety of shades, including Hollywood red, Berkshire yellow, Catalina green, robin-egg blue and Chartreuse (the colour was not specified).

(2) The average number of man-hours devoted by the Metropolitan Police every month last year to the operation of fixed speed traps was 3,345.

THE FOUR DRIVERS OF THE RECORD-BREAKING JAGUAR XK 120: They are, from left to right, Herbert Hadley, Stirling Moss, Leslie Johnson and Jack Fairman. The drivers were demonstrating the car's ability to do the distance—16,800 miles—in seven days, rather than to establish a record. The Jaguar XK 120 already holds several records. The most important of these is the 10,000 kilometres.

***On left*—**
THE JAGUAR LAPPING THE MONTLHÉRY TRACK AT SPEED: In its seven-day marathon, the car travelled 16,851 miles: The greatest distance yet achieved by any car in one week.

A MODERN VERSION OF THE RICKSHAW GOES FOR A TRIAL SPIN IN BERLIN: This "motor rickshaw" is being constructed in West Berlin and is "for export only." Its manufacturers hope to sell models in India and Singapore.

A NARROW ESCAPE: The driver leaps from his overturned car as petrol spurts from a punctured fuel tank. This picture was taken at Lakewood race track, Atlanta, Georgia.

WHERE RICHARDSON WROTE AND BURNE-JONES PAINTED

The Grange, North End Crescent, Fulham, is Threatened with Demolition and a Public Protest is Organised

A REAR VIEW OF PART OF THE GRANGE, NORTH END CRESCENT, FULHAM, AN HISTORIC EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDING WHICH IS NOW THE SUBJECT OF A PUBLIC PROTEST : At The Grange Samuel Richardson wrote his novel *Clarissa*, and there the distinguished painter Burne-Jones lived for thirty years. The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings is organising a protest against the threatened demolition of the house following the news that Fulham Borough Council had informed the Society that the expenditure entailed in repair would be unjustified.

Samuel Richardson, pioneer among novelists, whom William Webster called "the most amiable man in the world," and of whom Johnson said "he taught the passions to move at the command of virtue," delighted at week-ends to forsake the heart of London and to go to his villa on the Hammersmith Turnpike. That once-rural villa, where Richardson wrote so many of his novels, now lies in the heart of the built-up area of Fulham, a few yards back from the bustle of the North End Road; and unless current protests are successful it seems likely that the house will have to be demolished. Samuel Richardson, who had a great circle of friends, lived at The Grange until 1754, when he removed to a villa in neighbouring Parsons Green, remaining there until his death in 1761. Of the house in Parsons Green no trace remains. A century later The Grange was tenanted by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and in his studio there assembled from time to time all the great figures of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. An L.C.C. tablet was placed on The Grange in 1928.

THE EXTERIOR OF BURNE-JONES' STUDIO AT THE GRANGE, FULHAM : The dilapidated condition of the arcade and the overgrown state of the garden are clearly shown in this picture. Edward Burne-Jones took over the tenancy of The Grange in the year 1867 and died there in 1898.

THE DINING-ROOM AT THE GRANGE : This is a handsome panelled room with an elaborate fireplace, and it is a reminder of the spacious days of The Grange, when so many prominent persons were entertained there.

Specially Drawn for "The Sphere" by Percy Home

THE GRANGE, NORTH END CRESCENT, AS IT IS TO-DAY : The house lies on the east side of the crescent, away from the busy mart, and it is still possible to see how this was once a quiet residential area lying in rural West London, out on what was then called the Hammersmith Turnpike. The Grange is a double-fronted house, with one part (that on the left) still occupied and the other in a great state of dilapidation. A London County Council plaque is fixed to the house.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

NATURAL HISTORY SHOT WITH HUMOUR

Gilbert Klingel's Remarkable New Volume About the Natural Wonders of Chesapeake Bay and Its Varied Life

ON the eastern coast of America where the Tidewater Marylanders and Virginians live, is the vast Chesapeake Bay and its encircling swamps and marshes. Here, although there are few men to be seen, is a huge variety of other forms of life, insects, birds, fishes and animals, and for over twenty years these have been observed with a Fabre-like delicacy of perception by Mr. Gilbert Klingel, who tells us some of his findings in THE BAY (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.). This is a book for which the adjective "fascinating" may properly be used. Even those whose inclination is not generally towards nature books or the like will find that, once they have begun to read these pages, they will want to continue to the end, from no sense of duty or self-improvement, but from the sheer pleasure of discovering the richness of the world in which this writer has lived.

As an example, you will find here chapters on the light-carrying animals, from jellyfish and eels to the minute creatures that make up the phosphorescence of the sea; other chapters on undersea life, for Mr. Klingel has often made descents in what seems like an inadequate diving apparatus, and others on shellfish, on fishing-birds, and an unforgettable one on a twenty-four-hour vigil on a small rise above the bay. As with all great naturalists, there is never a reaction of fear or disgust at sights that might shake the layman considerably. Scientific curiosity allied to scientific knowledge already acquired appears to make this impossible, or, as naturalists might say, unnecessary. . . . Mr. Klingel writes the following, for instance, about a particularly ugly snake:

"There are few serpents as mean-looking—and few as amiable of disposition. . . . Beside a hog-nosed viper a copperhead or a rattler appears positively angelic, yet in the world of serpents this snake is the perpetual Caspar Milquetoast."

Humour is not common in books of this kind, but this one is shot through with it, as with the sensitivity of its author. I hope you will enjoy it as much as I did.

IN HIS HANDS HE HOLDS THE PROOF OF THIS FISHY STORY: James Branch, of Palm Beach, with the two snook he snatched from the surf off the Florida resort, the smaller fish being embedded in the jaws of the larger.

Books about the Civil Service can scarcely be expected to be lively or even of particular interest to anyone outside the lugubrious ranks of those who, some people say, tend neither to be civil nor to be servants. Mr. C. K. Munro, himself honourably retired from the Service, and the author of that famous play, *At Mrs. Beam's*, seeks to distract and interest the ordinary reader by calling "Some Reflections on the Civil Service" THE FOUNTAINS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.)

As we all know, those fountains do not any longer "play from ten till five," and neither does the Civil Service. Nowadays the floodlight of publicity beats fiercely upon them, and sometimes they even keep going all night.

I am sure that most of my readers will find this not only a readable but an entertaining and instructive account, not only of a system but of the men and women who administer it. If there were more people like Mr. Munro about, it might be possible to achieve more than an equable relationship between the governed and those who govern. His urbane asides on politicians are surely worthy of the prominence which I hope this book will give to them.

The Aga Khan, forty-ninth in direct descent from Mohammed and spiritual leader of 10,000,000 Muslims all over the world, is also a familiar and popular figure in this country almost entirely because of his lifelong passion for horse-racing and the excellence of his racing stud. The contrasts implied are great, but they appear to be reconciled in the person of a man who is at least as much at home in Paris and London as he is in India, and who has statesmanlike qualities unsuspected by many who have followed the chocolate-and-green hoops at Epsom and Newmarket.

Mr. Stanley Jackson's biography, THE AGA KHAN (Odhams. 15s.), is written for a wide popular appeal, and there is naturally a fair proportion of the book devoted to the Aga's sporting exploits, which include winning the Derby five times up to this year. As a multi-millionaire and *bon viveur* and successively the husband of four beautiful women, there is an evident note of gaiety and luxury in this account of his busy life, but there is a note of admiration, too, for, like so many biographers, Mr. Jackson, while doing his research and working on the biography, has developed a real affection for his subject.

Not even statisticians know how many poor, overloaded books have been written about gardens, particularly by English authors, and perhaps it is a lucky thing that the information is as vague because it might discourage those writers who really have something new to bring to this wonderful subject. From the prince of cynics, Voltaire, who wrote that "*Il faut cultiver notre jardin*" to the Benedictines, who make work in a garden a rule of their Order, the place of a garden in pleasure as in practical matters, in poetry as in philosophy, can be debated indefinitely but can never be denied.

Sir William Beach Thomas, one of the most enchanting of contemporary writers on this theme, has now given us GARDENS (Burke. 21s.), a book which aptly appears in the "Pleasures of Life" Series. Speakers sometimes say insincerely that the man they are introducing to the audience needs none of their efforts, and then go on to a jaw-cracking length in order to introduce him. Sir William, through his weekly column in *The Observer* and through his own reputation, needs none of that. All that is left for your reviewer to do is to assure you that the present book, with its quotations from Peele, from Herrick, Dryden, Tennyson, Dickens, Galsworthy, and even the now unpopular Ruskin, is a delight to read and will be a constant comfort to keep on one's shelves.

Mr. Cyril Hughes Hartmann is a serious historian, the author of some specialised studies of the Stuart period which scholars look upon as source books. In THE QUEST FORLORN (Heinemann. 18s.) he re-writes in popular form the story of the '45 Rebellion. This has been done more than once or twice before, but in this book Mr. Hartmann is almost bound to flutter the literary dove-cots with a new point of view. He is, I believe, the first to dare to take what might be described as the Hanoverian line, although his publishers claim that he is neither a Jacobite nor a Hanoverian, but the "line" is there just the same. In his own terms he provides an answer to the much-debated question as to why Prince Charles, having invaded England, did not push on to London, where Hanoverian bags were already packed. Incidentally, Mr. Hartmann also has some original and provocative remarks to make about the Scottish character.

THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFÉ (Cresset Press. 15s.) is a collection of stories and novels by Miss Carson McCullers, including "Reflections in a Golden Eye" and "The Member of the Wedding," that nearly-perfect study of childhood. Whether as a novel or a play, this story has a quality that touches not only the mind but the heart in a kind of shock of realisation, for Miss McCullers gives the reader nothing as thin as a sympathetic sketch of children and their ways as observed by an adult, but makes him *know* what it is to be a child.

The title-story of the volume I liked less, though it has a faint imprint of this author's hall-mark of exquisite originality, and at least two of the shorter stories are very good indeed. Altogether a fine and exciting book to read.

A short novel and some long-short stories make up Miss Daphne du Maurier's new book, THE APPLE TREE (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), which cannot be discussed in the same terms as the last but which is perfectly likely to have a sale of thousands, partly on the author's reputation and partly for the other excellent reason of their great readability. "The Little Photographer" and "The Birds," reach a higher standard, and there is not a story in the book that does not show some facet of Miss du Maurier's greatest gift, the talent for telling a story.

I think I have found a literary, and an Italian, comparison with Frith's "Paddington Station," that infinitely detailed painting that was the delight of our grandfathers. It is a book as graphic in intention, as immensely detailed, as humane and as labyrinthine. It is Dr. Carlo Levi's THE WATCH (Cassell. 15s.).

The scene is partly Rome, partly Naples, in the years after the war, and the over-all theme is of cities struggling towards rehabilitation and their characteristic life. The people who take part in Dr. Levi's work are innumerable; each, indeed, sharply differentiated with the writer's particular skill. The reader, on whom the book's survival depends, may feel himself as overwhelmed by it as if he had been struggling through a vast, though friendly crowd.

SO MOSES WAS BORN (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) is an entertaining and loquacious exposition of Miss Joan Grant's theory that Moses, traditionally found in the bulrushes, was, in fact, the son of a Pharaoh who had fathered him in the hope that he would be a Winged Pharaoh, a priest king who would unite the rival powers of the throne and the priests. Miss Grant tells a fast-moving story, that will be the delight of her readers.

A VERDICT OF TREASON (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.) has its moments of quick wit and lightness of heart in spite of its sombre conclusions, for this is a novel about two English cousins, one of whom appears to be the golden boy with the world at his feet, but is, in fact, an uncertain, hollow character, and the other of whom is the born rebel. As their stories run, the delightful Richard, with his fortune, good looks and scholarship, joins the traitor William Joyce in Berlin, and Michael is left to grieve because he could not save him. Mr. Peter Vansittart is still a young novelist, but he is one to watch and enjoy.

THE SURVIVAL OF ISRAEL

An Assessment of the New Republic's Achievement in the Face of Vast Difficulties

How is Israel (the new State born in the Middle East amid the travail of the immediate post-war years, this elaborate pioneer camp, sustained by a lofty idealism and the determination to survive), facing up to her manifold difficulties and to her destiny? Gerald de Gaury, a noted Arabist, to whom the other side of the story is familiar enough, has contrived to survey the situation without bias, and his book THE NEW STATE OF ISRAEL (Derek Verschoyle. 18s.), is therefore a document of surpassing interest and of historic importance. In the past four years the population of the new country has been doubled by immigration; for Israel has been deliberately laid open to all Jews from all over the world. Idealistic youths, penniless refugees, prosperous men and women with a spiritual urge flock into the country unceasingly, most of them aware that at the best only a life of self-denial and hard work will be their lot, and at the worst there will be defeat for all. It is physically nearly impossible to build enough houses or shelters to meet the annual influx of immigrants before the following winter overtakes them, but somehow or other the work of development goes on. Most of the desert is potentially fertile, the barren hillsides can support vast forests, and water has been found in quantity that seems nearly sufficient. Most important of all, Israel has recently secured capital from foreign Governments. "Considering the general situation in which the inhabitants are living," writes Colonel Gaury, "there is little discontent. Wealth is evenly distributed and the standard of social security and welfare is higher than in neighbouring countries." The author believes that Israel must and can survive, and comments on how little attention this great experiment has been paid by the world at large. If success is achieved in the years ahead there is little doubt that much credit will go to Israel's scientist President, Chaim Weizmann, who has gathered round him so many notable men of science in fashioning a new Republic at a cross-roads of the world and thereby fulfilling the great mission of a scattered but undivided people.

Men are only now really waking up to the fact that the heavens can be navigated, explored and enjoyed in silence. Knowledge and skill in the use of the sailplane, in conjunction with kindly currents of air, enable us to vie with the birds in the satisfaction of soaring flight. In THE A.B.C. OF GLIDING (George Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.), Fox Green describes the hows and whys of elementary gliding and of soaring in very easy stages. The book should be of the greatest possible value to the beginner, and there is something about the author's manner of approach to the problem that instils confidence without under-estimating the problems involved.

Martin Thornhill's EXPLORER'S HAMPSHIRE (Skeffington. 15s.) is an admirable guide to a most varied county, a county of gentle rivers, smooth-rolling downs, homely inns and old wayside churches, and, above all, a county with one of the greatest forests in England. The two latest additions to the popular series "The Little Guides" (each published by Methuen at 9s. 6d.), are ESSEX, by Charles Cox, revised by Henry Warren, and WORCESTERSHIRE, by F. T. S. Houghton, revised by Matley Moore. It is just over half-a-century since the "Little Guides" were originally planned. Their steady re-emergence volume by volume after being unobtainable during the war years is welcome indeed.

Two handbooks of special value are DENMARK (published by the Royal Danish Ministry of Foreign Affairs) and the SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK, 1952 EDITION (Trade and Travel Publications. 7s. 6d.). Both are full of information about the countries concerned, commending themselves alike to the tourist and the business-man. The *South American Handbook* deals also with Central America. Cuba and Mexico.

Finally there must be a special word of welcome for the BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR (Encyclopædia Britannica. £3 3s.), an annual publication of nearly 700 pages designed as a supplement to the great dictionary which it thus keeps up to date between editions. Grave and gay, as many as possible of the happenings of 1951 are recorded, as witness the fact that the average speed of journeys by car in London fell to 10.9 m.p.h., that in Buenos Aires the female vote for Peron was decisive, that the average daily prison population in England and Wales was 22,500, that Greenland was divided into five police districts, and that (according to a U.N.E.S.C.O. estimate) if 5 per cent. more people throughout the world learned to read during 1952 there would not be enough paper to supply them with books, newspapers, periodicals or even exercise-books. The scope of the volume is truly wide, surveying developments in every field of endeavour, and its importance as a record indeed requires no stressing. Carefully-chosen illustrations assist the text.

ZINC

THE element zinc occurs in "zinc blende" — a natural form of zinc sulphide — and in certain ores of lead and silver. A hard bluish-white metal, zinc was originally produced only in China and Sumatra, and substantial quantities were once mined in Britain, but most of the world's supply now comes from the Americas and Australasia. Centuries before zinc was discovered in the metallic form, the Ancient Greeks were smelting its ores with copper to make brass, an alloy that has become indispensable to modern industry. Apart from its use in alloys zinc is chiefly important today for coating or "galvanising" iron sheet and wire to give protection against rust. Zinc is also used as a roofing material and in the manufacture of casings for dry batteries, fittings for motor cars and plates for printing. Compounds of the element are well known in such diverse fields as medicine, dyeing and paint manufacture.

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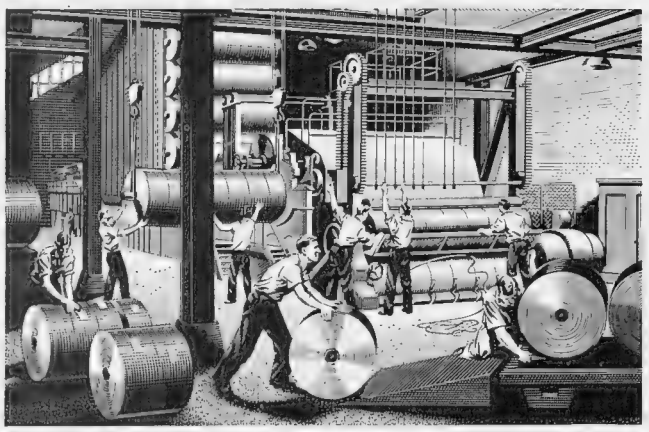

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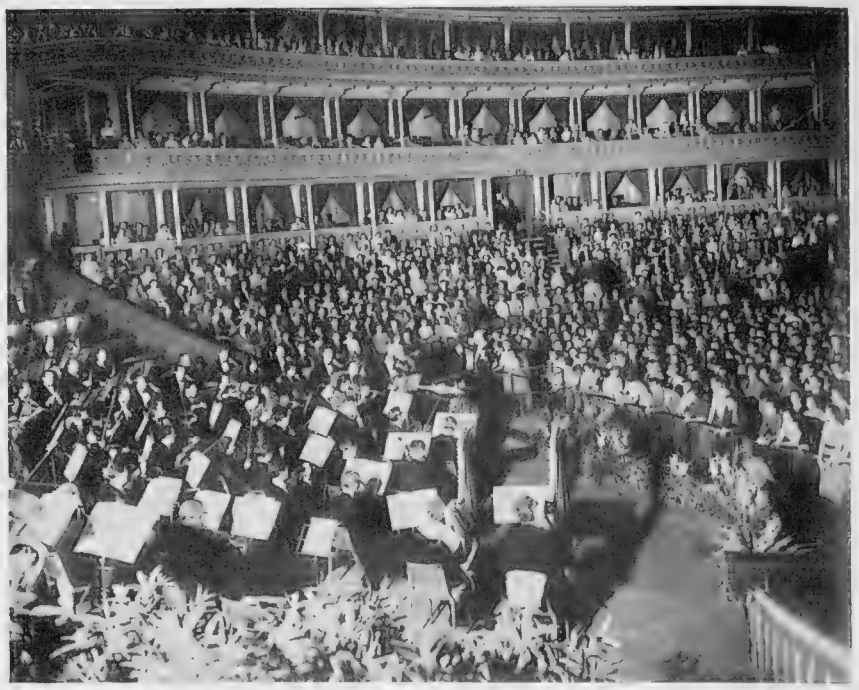
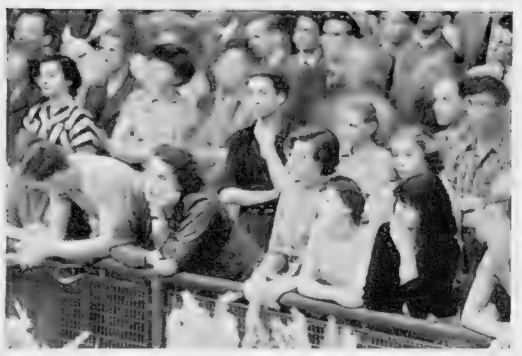
STUDIES AT THE PROMS



SIR MALCOLM SARGENT CONDUCTING THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AT A PROMENADE CONCERT IN THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL LAST WEEK: Standing on the right are some of the promenaders. Most of them are young music lovers who cheerfully stand or sit about the floor throughout the evening.



TWO STUDIES IN CONCENTRATION DURING A PROMENADE CONCERT: These young people were listening to music by Elgar and Vaughan Williams, the two British composers responsible for restoring the musical prestige of this country.

PROMENADERS IN THE ALBERT HALL ARENA RELAX DURING THE INTERVAL: Music-lovers all, the promenaders are of many vocations and nationalities.

On right—
LEANING AGAINST THE RAIL NEAR THE ORCHESTRA IN THE ALBERT HALL: From here the promenaders can make a close study of the conductor's technique.

Though the standard of the performances in the current and fifty-eighth season of the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall was never higher, the conduct of the promenaders themselves has again given rise to criticism from certain quarters. In previous years the promenaders, most of them young people, have been accused of indiscriminate and excessive applause. This year a prominent music critic has gone so far as to say that "the London 'Proms' are now a public event rather than an artistic institution."

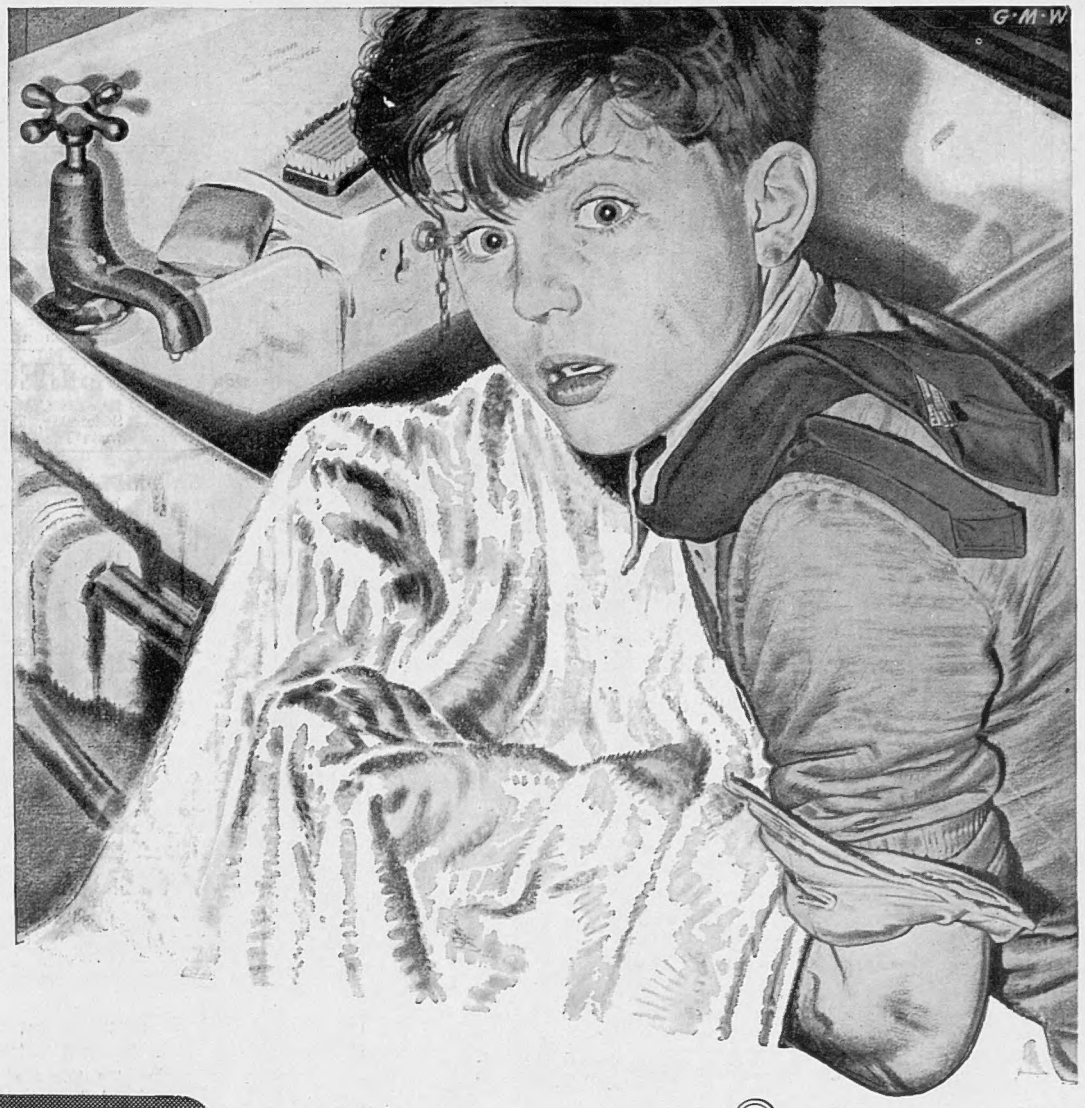
Nowadays, says the critic, musicians keep away from the "Proms." "Clapping breaks out automatically before the Albert Hall has finished echoing the last chord of any work, and if the applause is not always quite the same in intensity, it is the same in character: a sort of obligatory reaction mingled of politeness and mild excitement at witnessing a thing done with technical competence."

To this, Sir Malcolm Sargent, the idol of the promenaders, has made a lively reply. Far from avoiding the "Proms," musicians, both foreign and English, frequently visit him in the artistes' room. And as for the enthusiastic promenaders—would the critic have *fewer* people and *less* applause?

It is not the enthusiasm of the audiences, answered the critic, but their "indiscriminate raptures" which is disquieting.

Now your bicycle's

all over my towel!



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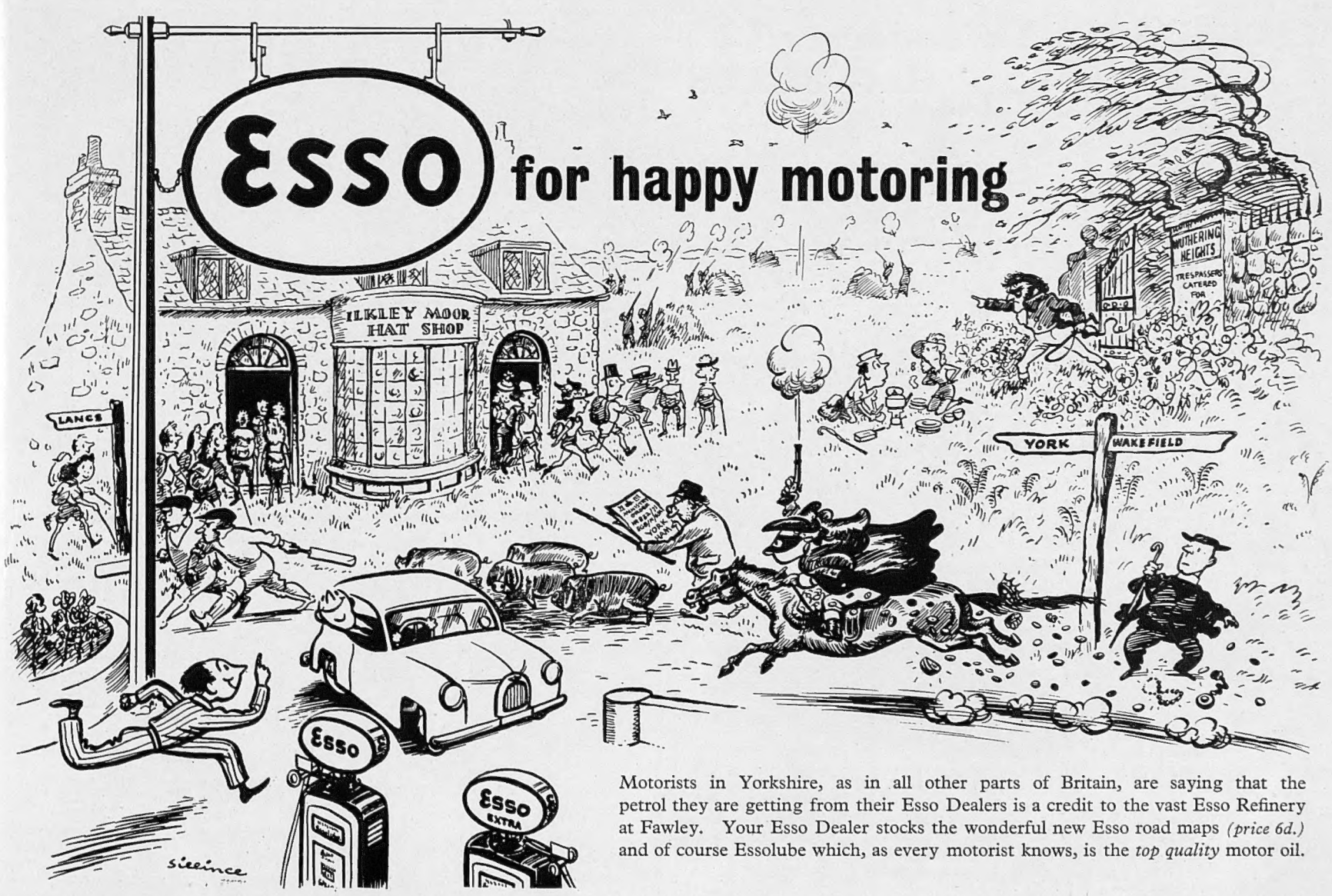

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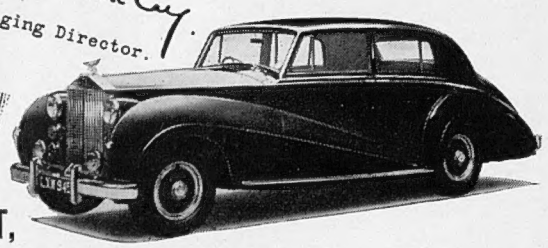

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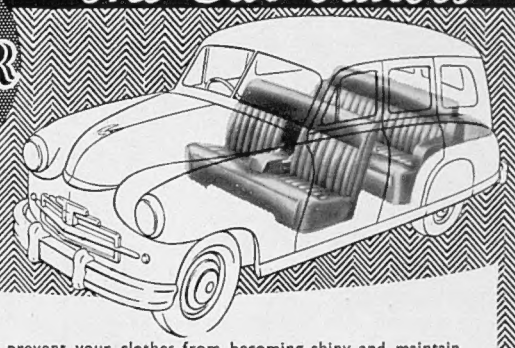

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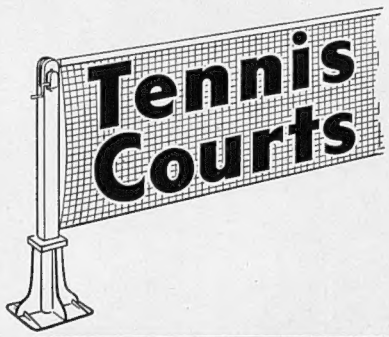

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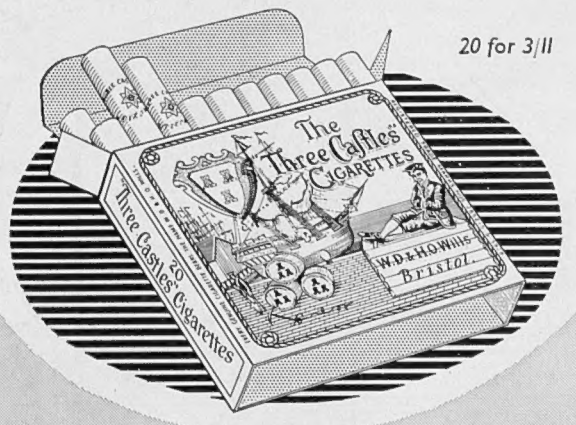

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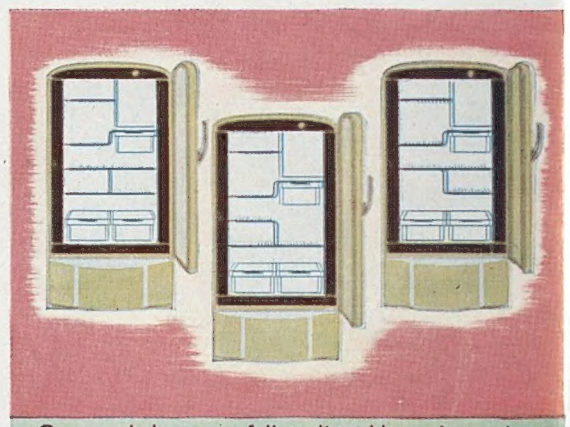

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